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LONDON NEWS



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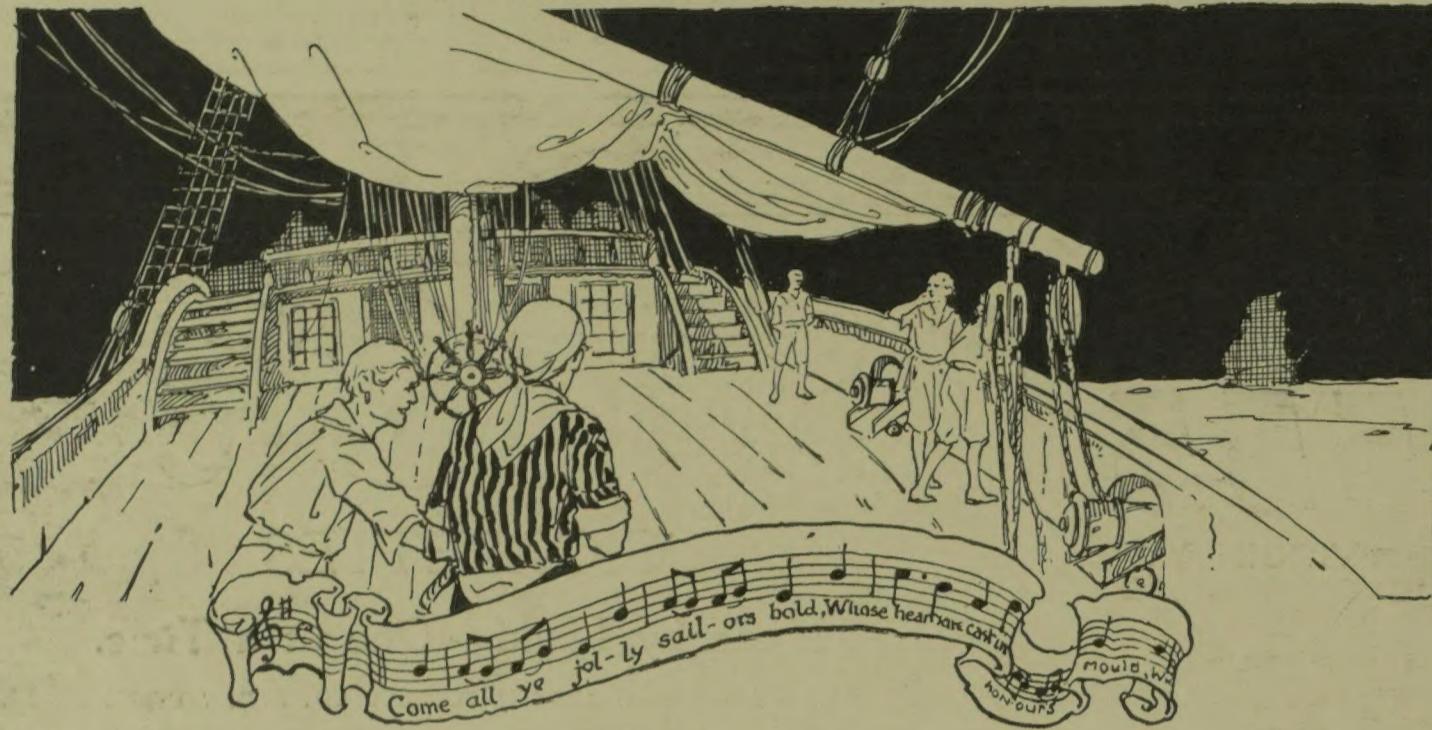
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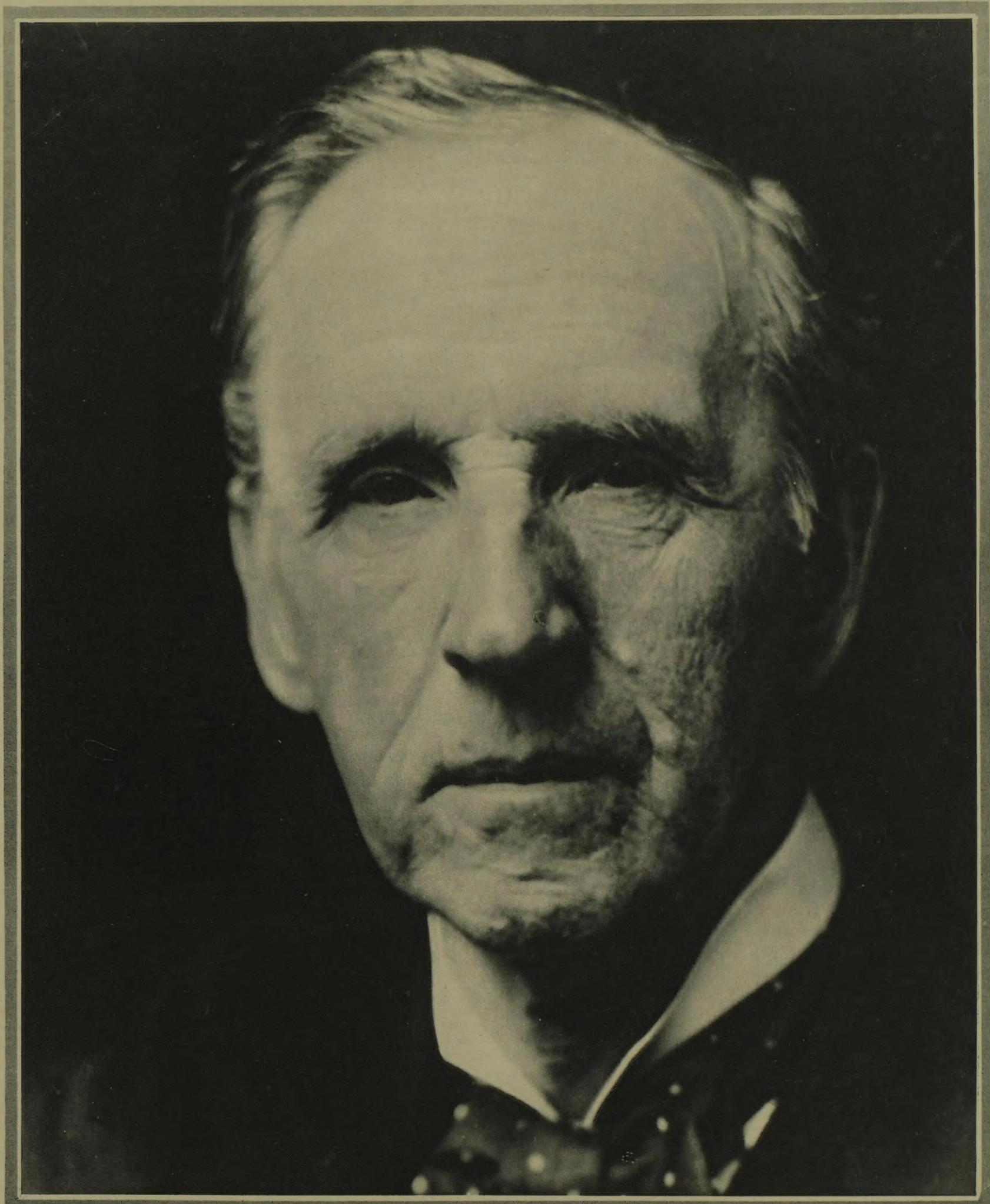
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1923.

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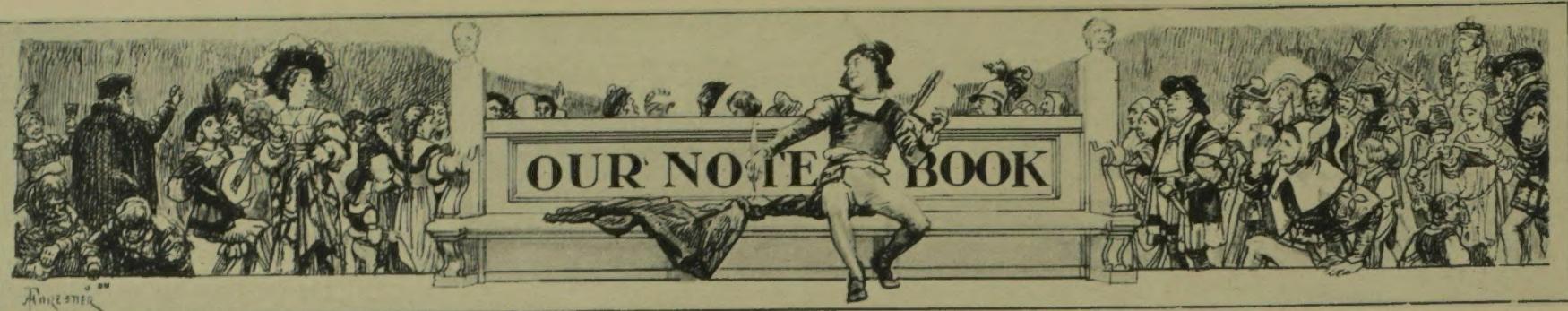


"THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE HEROIC AGE": THE LATE VISCOUNT MORLEY OF BLACKBURN, O.M.,
THE VETERAN LIBERAL STATESMAN AND DISTINGUISHED WRITER.

Lord Morley died at his home at Wimbledon Park on September 23, at the age of eighty-four. He was the son of a Lancashire surgeon, and was born at Blackburn on December 24, 1838. His earlier career was spent in journalism, and he edited in turn the "Fortnightly Review," the "Pall Mall Gazette," and "Macmillan's Magazine." He first entered Parliament, as M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1883, and sat for that constituency till 1895. From 1896 to 1908, when he was raised to the Peerage, he represented the Montrose Burghs. He was twice Chief Secretary for Ireland, in 1886 and from 1892 to 1895; Secretary

of State for India from 1905 to 1910; and Lord President of the Council from 1910 to 1914, when he retired and devoted himself to writing his two volumes of "Recollections," published in 1917. His monumental "Life of Gladstone" was his most famous literary work, but he wrote many other books of high quality, including the "Life of Cobden" and studies of Edmund Burke, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and Cromwell. He was one of the original members of the Order of Merit. In a personal tribute to his memory, Mr. Asquith said: "This means . . . the disappearance of the last survivor of the heroic age."

PHOTOGRAPH BY G. C. BERESFORD.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A NEWSPAPER comment on something I wrote here has given me a momentary illusion of having really got hold of what is the matter with modernity. For that serpent is as slippery as an eel, that demon is as elusive as an elf. But for the moment I thought I had him—or at least a perfect specimen of him. I wrote recently in this place to the effect that music at meals interferes with conversation. And certain people at once began to discuss whether music at meals interferes with digestion. And in that one detail I seemed to have caught the very devil himself by the tail.

Those who read my article know that I never even mentioned digestion. I never even thought of it. It never crosses my mind while I am eating meals. It certainly never crosses my mind when I am listening to music. Least of all did it ever cross my mind while I was writing that particular article. And the idea that it should cross anybody's mind, not to say occupy anybody's mind, in connection with the other controversy seems to me a compendium of all the dulness, baseness, vulgarity, and fear that make up so much of the practical philosophy of this enlightened age. What I complained of was not that music interfered with animal assimilation, but that it interfered with human speech, with the talk of taverns like the Tabard or the Mermaid, with the talk of Dr. Johnson or Charles Lamb, with the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* or the Four Men of Sussex; with all the ancient Christian custom of men arguing each other's heads off and shouting each other down for the glory of reason and the truth. Those great talkers no more thought about their digestion at dinner than the heroes of the Iliad or the Song of Roland felt their own pulses and took their own temperatures in the thick of the battle. It is true that I did not confine myself to complaining of meals being spoilt by music. I also complained of music being spoilt by meals. I was so impudent as to suggest that if we want to listen to good music we should listen to it, and honour it with our undivided attention. A fine musician might surely resent a man treating fine music as a mere background to his lunch. But a fine musician might well murder a man who treated fine music as an aid to his digestion.

But what interests me is this swift, unconscious substitution of the subject of digestion, which I had never mentioned, for the subject of human intercourse, which I had. It has hidden in it somewhere a sort of secret of our social and spiritual abnormality. It is a sort of silent signal of all that has gone wrong with our brains and tempers and memories and hearts—and also, doubtless, digestions. It is so significant that it is worth while to attempt to resolve it into the elements that make it the monstrous and ominous thing it is. Before this evil and elusive creature escapes me once more, I will attempt to dissect it and make a sort of diagram of its deformities.

First, there is that stink of stale and sham science which is one of the curses of our times. The stupidest or the wickedest action is supposed to become reasonable or respectable, not by having found a reason in scientific fact, but merely by having found any sort of excuse in scientific language. This highly grotesque and rather gross topic is supposed to take on a sort of solemnity because it is physiological. Some people even talk about proteids, vitamins—but let us draw a veil over the whole horrid scene. It is enough to note that one element in the hideous compound is a love of talking about the body as a scientific thing—that is, talking about it as if it were a serious thing.

Next, there is a morbidity and a monstrous solitude. Each man is alone with his digestion as with a familiar

demon. He is not to allow either the wine or the music to melt his soul into any sociable spirit of the company. Wine is bad for his digestion and music is good, for his digestion. He therefore abstains from the one and absorbs the other in the same inhuman isolation. Diogenes retired into a tub and St. Jerome into a cave; but this hermit uses his own inside as his cavern—every man is his own cask, and it is not even a wine-cask.

Third, there is materialism or the very muddiest sort of atheism. It has the obscure assumption that everything begins with the digestion, and not with the divine reason; that we must always start at the material end if we wish to work from the origins

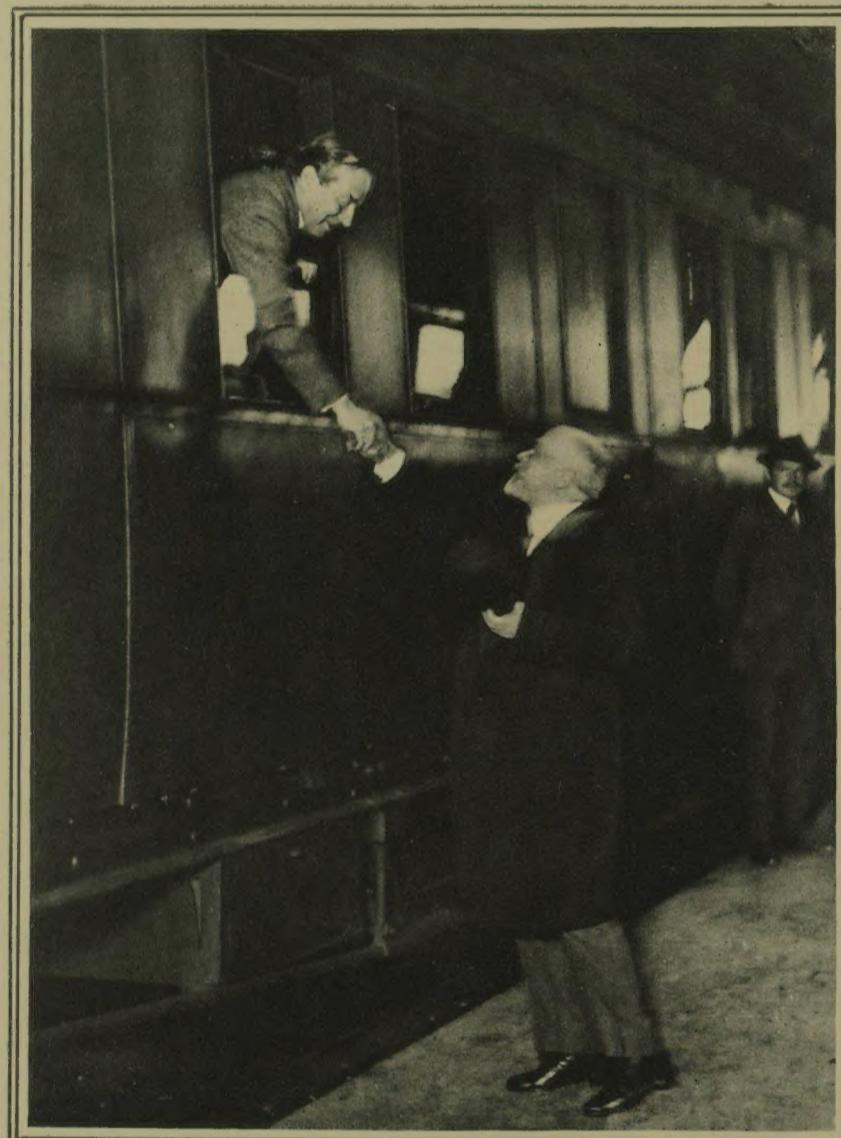
sort of thing that it is atheism; it would be nearer the truth to say it is devil-worship. But they are not even the red devils of passion and enjoyment. They are really only the blue devils of fear.

Then there is what there always is in such philosophy, the setting of the cart to draw the horse. They do not see that digestion exists for health, and health exists for life, and life exists for the love of music or beautiful things. They reverse the process and say that the love of music is good for the process of digestion. What the process of digestion is ultimately good for they have really no idea. I think it was a great mediaeval philosopher who said that all evil comes from enjoying what we ought to use and using what we ought to enjoy. A great many modern philosophers never do anything else. Thus they will sacrifice what they admit to be happiness to what they claim to be progress; though it could have no rational meaning except progress to greater happiness. Or they will subordinate goodness to efficiency; though the very name of good implies an end, and the very name of efficiency implies only a means to an end. Progress and efficiency by their very titles are only tools. Goodness and happiness by their very titles are a fruition; the fruits that are to be produced by the tools. Yet how often the fruits are treated as fancies of sentimentalism and only the tools as facts of sense. It is as if a starving man were to give away the turnip in order to eat the spade; or as if men said that there need not be any fish, so long as there were plenty of fishing-rods. There is all that queer inversion of values in talking about music as an aid not only to dinner, but even to the digestion of dinner.

There is more generally a flat, unlifted, unlaughing spirit, that can accept this topsy-turvydom without even seeing that it is topsy-turvy. It does not even rise high enough to be cynical. It does not utter its materialistic maxim even as a pessimist's paradox. It does not see the joke of saying that the Passion Music can assist a gentleman to absorb a veal cutlet, or that a Mass of Palestrina might counteract the effects of toasted cheese. What is said on this subject is said quite seriously. That seriousness is perhaps the most frivolous thing in the whole of this frivolous society. It is a spirit that cannot even rouse itself enough to laugh.

In short, it is the magic of that one trivial phrase, about music and digestion, that it calls up suddenly in the mind the image of a certain sort of man, sitting at a table in a grand restaurant, and wearing a serious and somewhat sullen expression. He is manifestly a man of considerable wealth; and beyond that he can only be described by a series of negatives. He has no traditions, and

therefore knows nothing of the great traditional talking that has enriched our literature with the nights and feasts of the gods. He has no real friends, and therefore his interests are turned inwards, but more to the state of his body than of his soul. He has no religion, and therefore it comes natural to him to think that everything springs from a material source. He has no philosophy, and therefore does not know the difference between the means and the end. And, above all, there is buried deep in him a profound and stubborn repugnance to the trouble of following anybody else's argument; so that if somebody elaborately explains to him that it is often a mistake to combine two pleasures, because pleasures, like pains, can act as counter-irritants to each other, he only receives the vague impression that somebody is saying that music is bad for his digestion.



MAKERS OF A NEW ENTENTE: A FRIENDLY FAREWELL BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND BRITISH PREMIERS—M. POINCARÉ SEEING MR. BALDWIN OFF AT THE GARE DU NORD.

Great hopes were entertained that the Prime Minister's visit to Paris and his conversations with M. Poincaré meant the re-establishment of the Entente on the old footing. Mr. Baldwin left Paris at noon on September 21, and was seen off at the Gare du Nord by M. Poincaré, who entered a carriage and talked with him before the train started. The French Press was especially optimistic about the successful results of the meeting between the two Premiers.

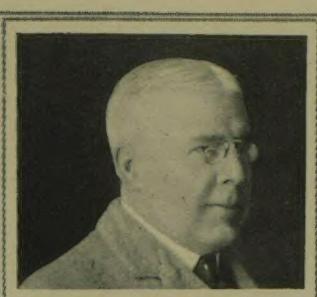
Photograph by Henri Manuel, Paris.

of things. In their hapless topsy-turvy philosophy, digestion is the creator and divinity the creature. They have at the back of their minds, in short, the idea that there is really nothing at the back of their minds except the brute thing called the body. To them, therefore, there is nothing comic or incongruous about saying that a violin solo should be a servant of the body or of the brute; for there is no other god for it to serve.

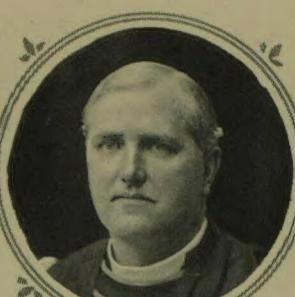
There also hides in the heart of this philosopher the thing we call hypochondria and a paralysing panic. I have said that it serves the body; but many men in many ages have served their bodies. I doubt if any men in any ages were ever so much afraid of their bodies. We might represent in some symbolic drama a man running down the street pursued by his own body. It is inadequate to say of this

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, WALTER STONEMAN, OSCAR VIANELLO I.B., LAFAYETTE, TOPICAL, AND MYRES PRESS BUREAU (CHRISTIANIA).



FORTY YEARS ON THE ACTIVE LIST: THE LATE ADMIRAL FLEET.



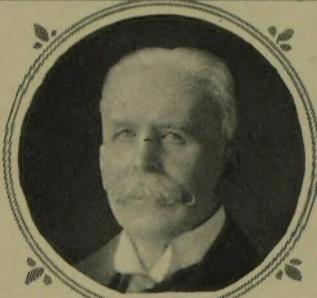
THE NEW BISHOP OF WINCHESTER: DR. THEODORE WOODS.



JOINT PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH CONGRESS: DR. WARMAN, BISHOP OF TRURO.



A WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST: THE LATE MISS M. G. TUTTIETT ("MAXWELL GRAY").

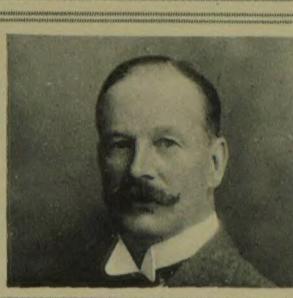


EX-ENGINEER TO CHINESE MARITIME CUSTOMS: THE LATE MR. D. M. HENDERSON.



ITALIAN MILITARY GOVERNOR OF FIUME: GENERAL GIARDINO

"LORD RENFREW" BOUND FOR CANADA: THE PRINCE WITH CAPTAIN GRIFFITHS IN THE "EMPEROR OF FRANCE."



A POPULAR M.P.'S DEATH: THE LATE MR. C. HARVEY DIXON.



EX-DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF LONDON SESSIONS: THE LATE MR. R. L. LOVELAND, K.C.



THE NEW RÉGIME IN SPAIN: KING ALFONSO (CENTRE FRONT) IN A GROUP OF ARMY LEADERS.



KNOWN AS THE FINEST GAME SHOT IN THE COUNTRY: THE LATE MARQUESS OF RIPON.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF NORWAY'S MILITARY TRAINING: PRINCE OLAF (2ND FROM LEFT) WITH OTHER SERGEANTS.



THE GORDON-BENNETT BALLOON RACE DISASTERS: THE SWISS TEAM, INCLUDING LIEUTENANT VON GRUNIGEN, KILLED WHEN HIS BALLOON FELL IN FLAMES.



INCLUDING SEÑOR GOMEZ GUBLAMON, WHO ESCAPED, WHILE HIS ASSISTANT PILOT WAS KILLED: SPANISH BALLOONISTS IN THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE.

Vice-Admiral H. L. Fleet, a brother of the late Mr. Rutland Barrington, entered the Navy as a Cadet in 1864 and retired in 1910. He published "An Admiral's Yarns," and "My Life and a Few Yarns."—Dr. Woods, who is a great-grandson of Elizabeth Fry, has been Bishop of Peterborough since 1916.—Mr. David M. Henderson was Engineer-in-Chief of the Imperial Maritime Customs of China from 1869 to 1898; and did fine work in coast lighting.—General Giardino commanded an Army Corps at Monte Grappa in the war, and is an Italian Senator.—The Prince of Wales (travelling as "Lord Renfrew") landed at Quebec on September 12, on his way to his Canadian ranch. He has arranged to leave for England in the "Empress of France" on October 13.—Dr. Guy Warman, Bishop of Truro and Bishop-designate of Chelmsford, was joint President (with the Bishop of Exeter) of the fifty-eighth Church Congress recently opened at Plymouth.—Under the

pen-name of Maxwell Gray, Miss Mary G. Tuttiett wrote "The Silence of Dean Maitland" and other novels, besides poems and essays.—Mr. C. Harvey Dixon was M.P. (Cons.) for the Rutland and Stamford Division, and formerly sat for Boston.—Mr. Richard L. Loveland was Deputy Chairman of the County of London Sessions from 1896 to 1910. He edited several legal works.—The Spanish group shows (left to right), front row—General Primo de Rivera (chief of the new Directorate), King Alfonso, and General Cavalcanti.—Lord Ripon, who died suddenly while out shooting on September 22, was a personal friend of King Edward and Treasurer to Queen Alexandra. From 1876 to 1880 he was Liberal M.P. for Ripon.—Prince Olaf has been training at the Royal Military School at Christiania, and recently became a sergeant-major.—In the Gordon-Bennett Balloon Race three balloons (Spanish, Swiss, and American) fell in flames, and five pilots were killed.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: ILLUSTRATIONS OF RECENT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO., SPORT AND GENERAL, CENTRAL



THE OPENING OF THE IRISH FREE STATE PARLIAMENT IN DUBLIN: PRESIDENT COSGRAVE (SIXTH FROM LEFT), WHO WAS RE-ELECTED, IN A GROUP OF MEMBERS



GREEK REPARATIONS TO ITALY: A GREEK WAR-SHIP, FLYING THE ITALIAN FLAG, FIRES A SALUTE AS THE COFFINS ARE EMBARKED AT PREVEZA.

EVENTS AND MATTERS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PRESS, I.B., TOPICAL, C.N., CONTINENTAL PHOTO. SERVICE, AND R.O.L.



BORNE BY GREEK SOLDIERS AND ESCORTED BY GREEK OFFICERS: THE COFFINS OF THE MURDERED ITALIANS ON THE WAY TO EMBARK AT PREVEZA.



KILLED WHEN THEIR BALLOON FELL IN FLAMES DURING THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE: LIEUTENANTS CHOPLAW AND OLSTEAD, AMERICAN COMPETITORS.



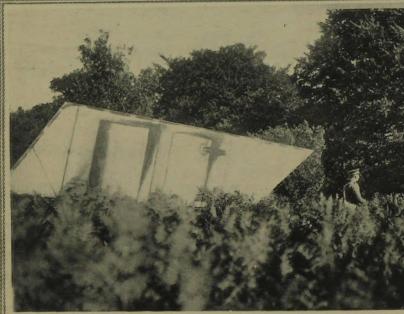
IN HIS LITTLE 30-FT. CUTTER IN WHICH HE CROSSED THE ATLANTIC ALONE: M. ALAIN GERBAULT—ALONGSIDE THE PIER AT LONG ISLAND ON ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK.



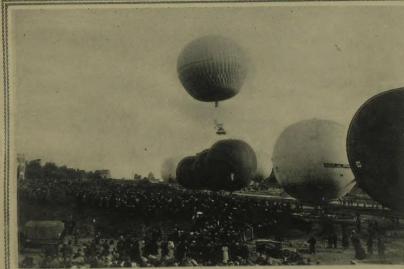
REAL TANKS IN THE MANEUVERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY OF THE RHINE: FIVE OF THEM LINED UP AFTER THE "BATTLE."



THE NEW GERMAN CHANCELLOR EXPLAINING HIS POLICY TO THE WORLD'S PRESS: HERR STRESEMANN (HOLDING PAPER) RECEIVING JOURNALISTS.



A DUMMY TANK USED IN THE BRITISH ARMY MANEUVERS IN SUSSEX: A DEVICE DRAWN ON A GUN-CARRIAGE.



DESTINED TO DESTRUCTION WITH BOTH ITS OCCUPANTS: THE U.S. BALLOON GOING UP AT THE START OF THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE.



A MISHAP THAT PREVENTED THE BELGIAN BALLOON FROM COMPETING: THE CAR OF THE U.S. BALLOON COLLIDING WITH THE "VILLE DE BRUXELLES" AT THE START

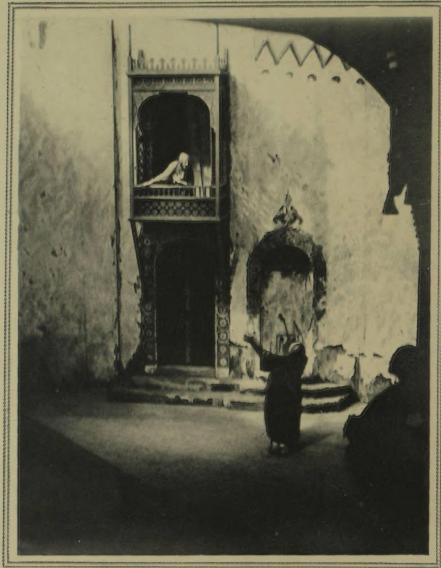
The fourth Dail (or Parliament) of the Irish Free State was opened at Leinster House, Dublin, on September 19. No Republicans attended. Mr. Cosgrave was re-elected as President, and Professor Hayes as Speaker. On the following day, President Cosgrave nominated his Executive Council. The bodies of the Italian officers assassinated in the Janina outrage were placed on board two torpedo-boats at Prevesa, while Greek warships rendered full honours at the moment of embarkation. The torpedo-boats then conveyed the bodies to Taranto, escorted by the Italian battleships "Conte di Cavour" and "Giulio Cesare," and the armoured cruiser "San Marco." From Taranto, where they arrived on September 21, the dead were taken to their native towns for burial. The Gordon-Bennett Balloon Race, which began at Brussels on September 23, was a chapter of disasters. At the start, the U.S. Army balloon (which was later destroyed) collided with the Belgian one, "Ville de Bruxelles," almost severing its car suspension and preventing it from competing. The American balloon was struck by lightning and fell in flames at Nistelrode, Brabant. Both the pilot, Lieutenant Olmstead, and the assistant pilot, Lieutenant Choplaw, were killed

and their bodies burned. Similar disasters overtook the Swiss balloon, "Génève," and the Spanish balloon "Polar." The "Génève" fell in flames at Moll, and Lieutenant von Grunigen, pilot, and his assistant, Lieutenant Burkha, both perished. The "Polar" fell in flames near Heyst op den Berg. The assistant pilot, Señor Penaranda Barca, was burnt to ashes; but the pilot, Señor Gomez Gublamon, escaped with his life. M. Alain Gerbault, the French lawn-tennis player (as mentioned in our issue of September 22), recently crossed the Atlantic, from Cannes, via Gibraltar, to New York, alone in his little cutter, "Firecrest." He was at sea 126 days, weathered several hurricanes, and was two days unconscious. The British Army of the Rhine began a week's maneuvers on September 17. The force included "B" Company, 5th Battery, of the Tank Corps. In Sussex the 2nd and 3rd Infantry Brigades of the 1st Division recently fought a two-days "battle of the Arun." Dummy tanks were used, as it would have been impracticable to take real ones into Sussex lanes. The dummies were painted screens, and the crews had to make a noise, with rattles and motor-horns, to imitate the sound of a real tank approaching.

THE BAD HAROUN AL RASCHID IN A NEW "ARABIAN NIGHT" TALE: FLECKER'S "HASSAN" AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

THE "TIMES" COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS, TAKEN BY THE

NEW INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS DURING A PERFORMANCE.



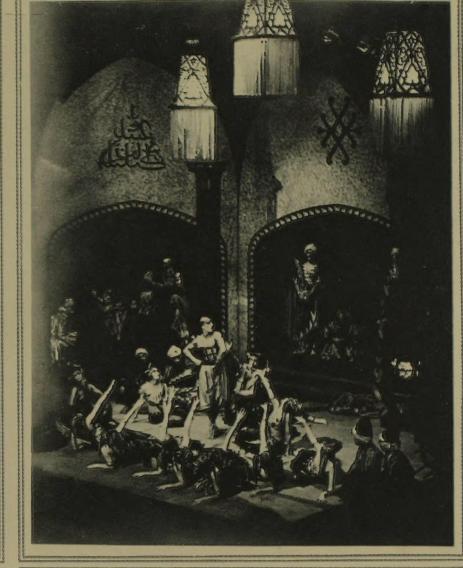
THE AMOROUS CONFECTIONER BEFOOLED: HASSAN (MR. HENRY AINLEY) COURTING YASMIN (MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT) IN THE STREET OF FELICITY.



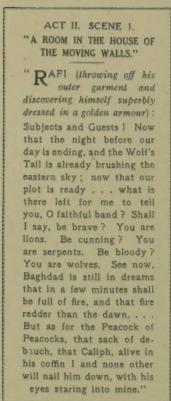
THE TRAGIC SEQUEL TO HAROUN AL RASCHID'S NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE: RAFI, BEFORE THE CALIPH IN FULL DIVAN.



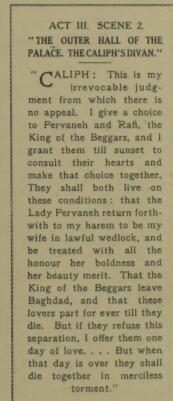
THE KING OF THE BEGGARS (MR. BASIL GILL, ON THE RIGHT) BROUGHT IN CHAINS IN THE OUTER HALL OF THE PALACE.



HOW THE KING OF THE BEGGARS ENTERTAINED THE DISGUISED CALIPH: THE BALLET IN THE HOUSE OF THE MOVING WALLS.

ACT II, SCENE 1.
"A ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF THE MOVING WALLS."
"RAFI (throwing off his outer garment and discarding himself superbly dressed in a golden armlet : Subject of the Caliph. Note that the night before our day is ending, and the Wolf's Tail is already brushing the eastern sky; now that our plot is ready . . . what is there left for me to tell you, O faithful band? Shall I say, be brave? You are lions, and the day of all are serpents. Be bloody? You are wolves. See now, Baghdad is still in dreams that in a few minutes shall be full of fire, and that fire redder than the dawn. . . . But as for the Peacock of Peacock, the sack of despoilment of Cairo, and in his face I and none other will nail him down, with his eyes staring into mine."

AFTER THE ESCAPE FROM RAFI'S HOUSE: THE CALIPH (MR. MALCOLM KEEN) REWARDS HASSAN (PROSTRATE) FOR SAVING HIM.

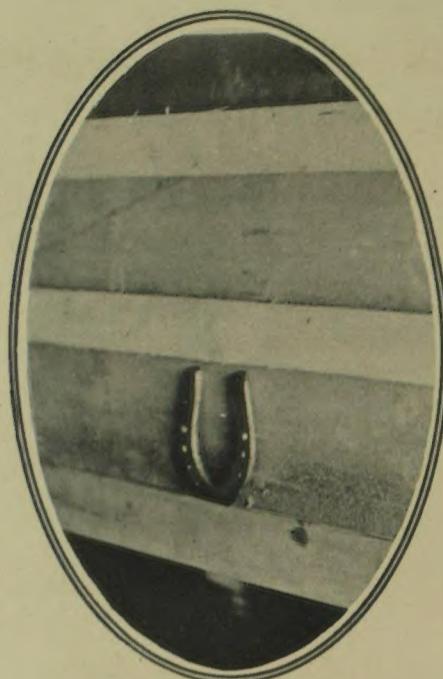
ACT III, SCENE 2.
"THE OUTER HALL OF THE PALACE. THE CALIPH'S DIVAN."
"CALIPH: This is my irrevocable judgment from this day: I give a choice to Pervaneh and Rafi, the King of the Beggars, and I grant them till sunset to consult their hearts and make that choice together. They shall both live on these conditions: that the Lady Pervaneh remains with Rafi, who has to be my wife in lawful wedlock, and be treated with all the honour her boldness and her beauty merit. That the King of the Beggars leave Baghdad, and that these lovers part for ever till they die. But if they refuse this separation, I offer them the day of their choice. But when that day is over they shall die together in merciless torment."

Mr. Basil Dean's beautiful production of "Hassan," at His Majesty's Theatre, is a worthy tribute to the genius of its author, James Elroy Flecker, whose intimate knowledge of Eastern life and character, which is reflected in much of his verse. He did not live to see his play acted, and his poetry brought him little beyond reputation, but now his widow will reap a harvest from his work. The day after "Hassan" was produced, she received a call in London from Prince William of Sweden, who came to buy the Swedish rights, with a view to producing the play himself at the Royal Theatre in Stockholm. The story of the play might be called an addition to the "Arabian Nights." Hassan is an elderly but amorous confectioner of Baghdad, whose love affairs cause him to become involved in one of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid's nocturnal adventures in disguise. Haroun is trapped in a mysterious doorless house "with moving

walls," where Rafi, "the King of the Beggars," is plotting to kill the Caliph, to whose harem Rafi's lady love has been carried off. Hassan finds means of escape, and the Caliph rewards him with wealth and honours. Then follows tragedy, when Rafi and his lady, brought captive before the Caliph in full divan, choose torture and death, after one day of love, as the alternative to lifelong separation. Hassan, who denounces the Caliph's cruelty, is punished by being compelled to witness the prisoners' agonies, and falls from his high estate. In Flecker's play the famous Caliph of Baghdad is no longer "the good Haroun al Raschid" of Tennyson, but a sensual and bloodthirsty tyrant. As an Oriental spectacle, the production of "Hassan" is magnificent, and is considered to surpass "Cairo" and "Chu Chin Chow," with the added merit of high literary quality. Two representative extracts from the play, selected as bearing on some of the incidents which are shown in our illustrations, are given above.

PAPYRUS AS TRANSATLANTIC PASSENGER; BYLAND ABBEY EXCAVATIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., SPORT AND GENERAL, AITKEN, AND L.N.A.



WITH A GOLD HORSE-SHOE HUNG UP FOR LUCK: THE DOOR OF PAPYRUS'S "CABIN."



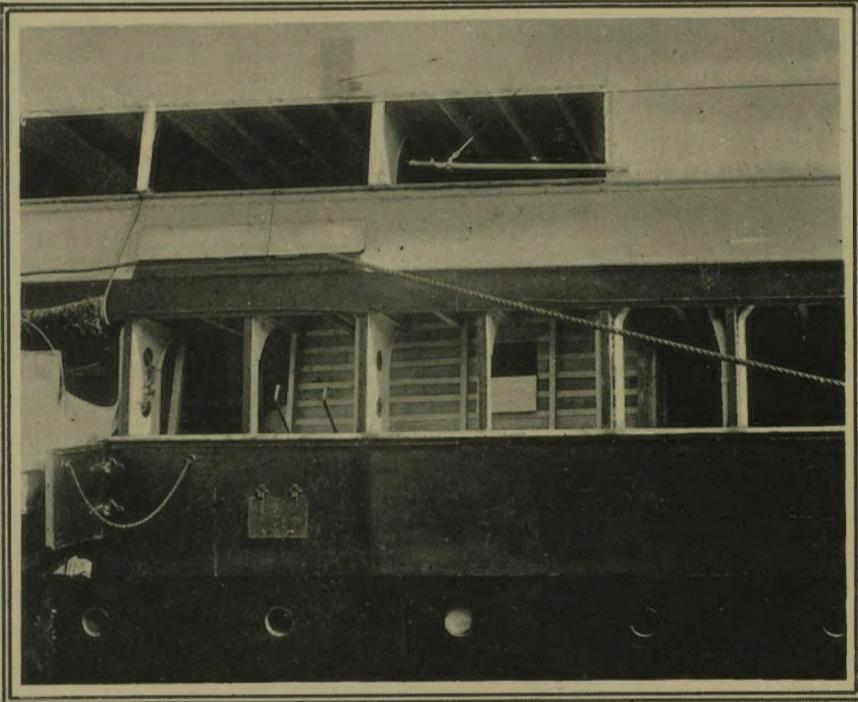
CATERING FOR A RACEHORSE ON A VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: SPECIAL FODDER FOR PAPYRUS BEING CARRIED ABOARD THE "AQUITANIA."



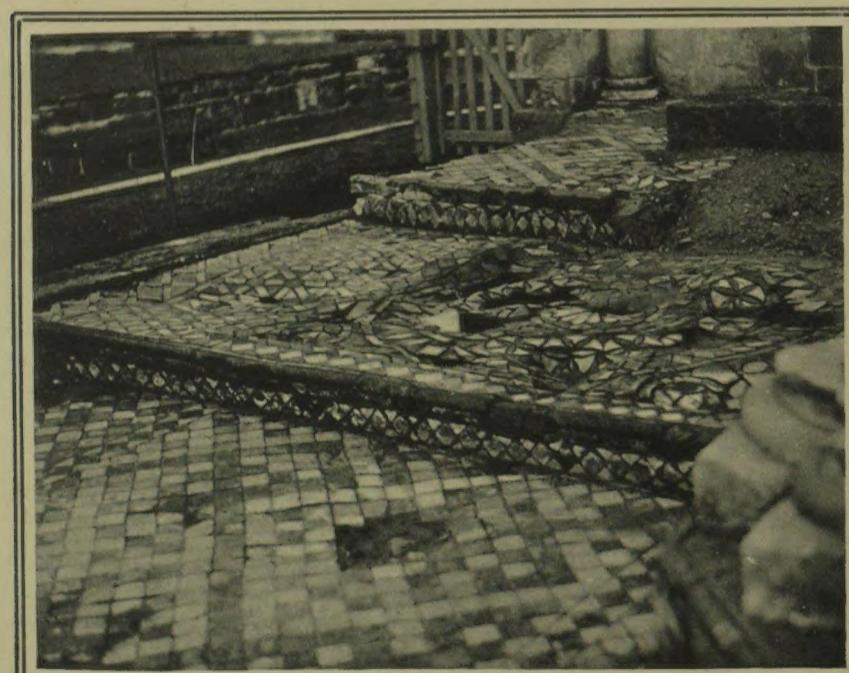
PAPYRUS WATCHED NIGHT AND DAY DURING THE VOYAGE: THE GUARD ON DUTY



HARNESSED AND STEPPING ON A SPECIALLY LAID MAT: PAPYRUS, THE DERBY WINNER, ENTERING THE GANGWAY TO GO ABOARD THE "AQUITANIA."



SHOWING AN OBSERVATION WINDOW IN THE HORSE-BOX AND (ON THE LEFT) THE END OF THE GANGWAY: PAPYRUS' QUARTERS ON THE THIRD DECK.



ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERY AT HOME: AN ANCIENT TILED PAVEMENT FOUND DURING EXCAVATIONS AT BYLAND ABBEY, IN YORKSHIRE.

Mr. B. Irish's famous colt Papyrus, winner of this year's Derby, left Southampton for New York in the "Aquitania" on September 21, to run against the best American three-year-old on October 20. On our "Books of the Day" page we give further illustrations of the special quarters prepared for the horse. On embarking, Papyrus hesitated for a moment before stepping on to the padded gangway. Above the door of his box a gold horse-shoe was fixed for luck, and four stable attendants took turns in watching him night and day during the voyage. In a wireless message of the 25th his trainer, Mr. Basil Jarvis, said: "Papyrus is wonderfully well considering the rough weather experienced, and is

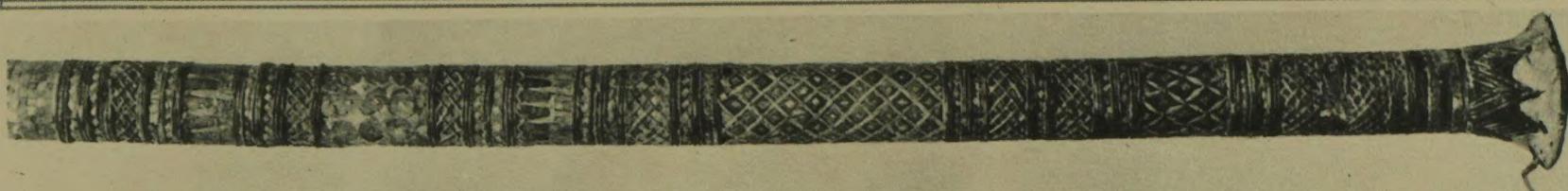


ASSOCIATED WITH THE DEFEAT OF EDWARD II. BY THE SCOTS IN 1322: BYLAND ABBEY, A TWELFTH-CENTURY CISTERCIAN FOUNDATION—ARCHES NEWLY EXCAVATED.

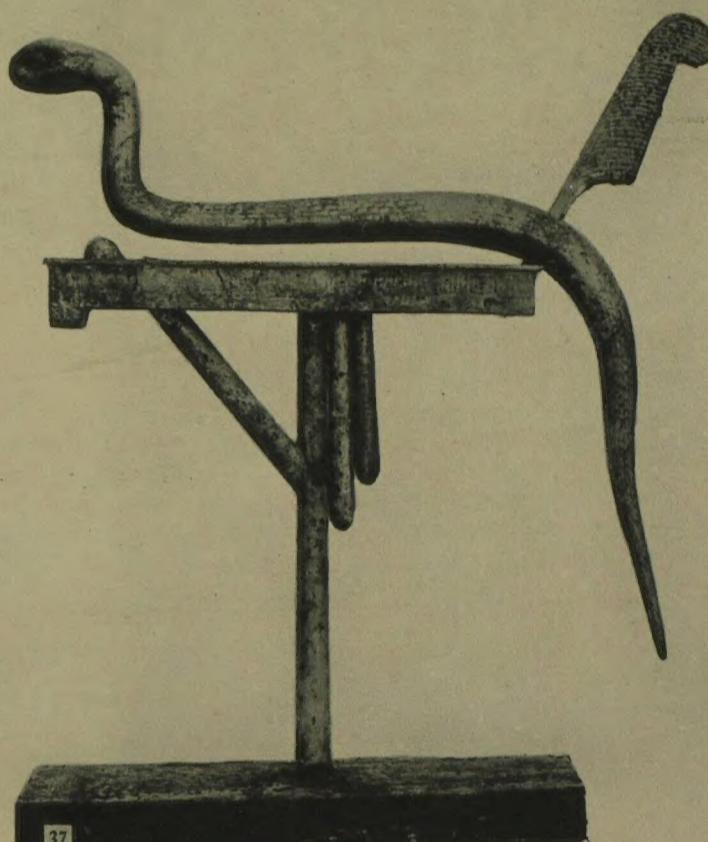
standing the journey well."—The Office of Works has for some months been conducting excavations at three famous abbey ruins in Yorkshire—Byland, Whitby, and Rievaulx, as illustrated in our issue of August 11 last by Major Gordon Home. Byland Abbey, he records, was built in the twelfth century. Near it Edward II. was defeated by the Scots in 1322, and had to fly hurriedly from the abbey, where, after the battle, he was dining with the abbot. "Already the east end," writes Major Home, "the high altar, and the lower parts of the great piers of the crossing are open to view. The original pavement of encaustic tiles can be seen . . . and the walls appear to their full height and grace."

A CHARLIE CHAPLIN OF TUTANKHAMEN'S DAY: STICKS AND A STANDARD.

THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT. PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON.



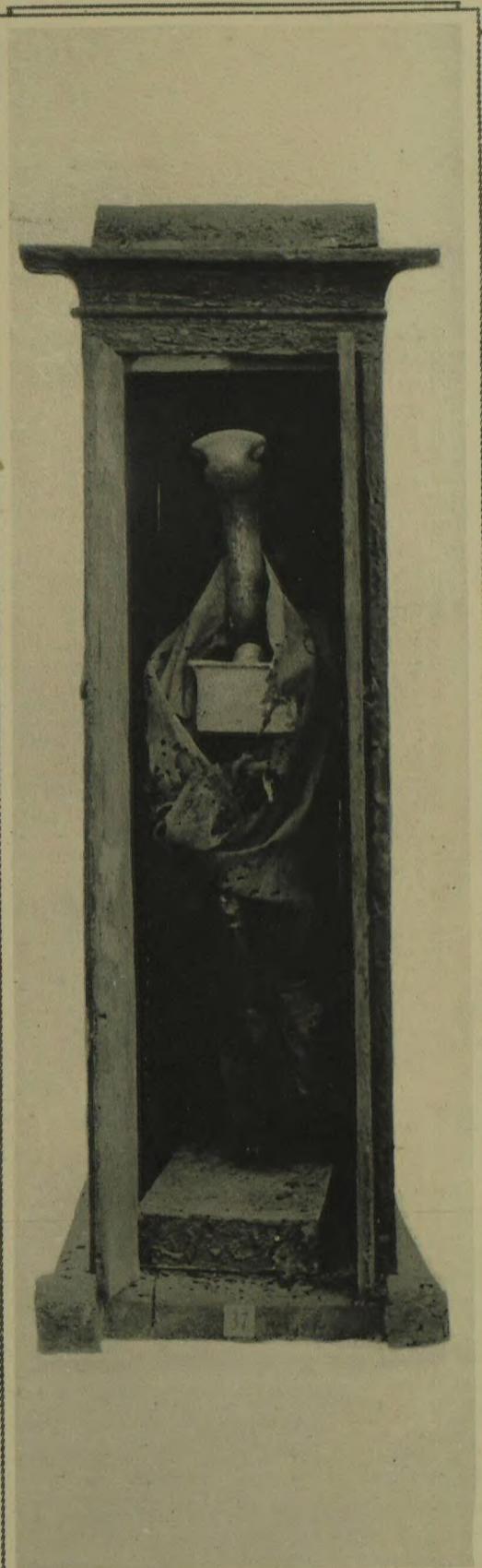
FOREIGN INFLUENCE IN THE ART OF ANCIENT EGYPT: ONE OF KING TUTANKHAMEN'S WALKING-STICKS ORNAMENTED WITH INLAID DECORATIVE MOSAICS IN AN ALIEN STYLE.



AN EMBLEM OF PROVINCIAL LOYALTY: THE GILDED SNAKE STANDARD OF THE TENTH NOME (PROVINCE) IN UPPER EGYPT (LATER, APHRODITOPOLIS).



RESEMBLING CHARLIE CHAPLIN AND HIS BOWLER: A GOLD AND IVORY CEREMONIAL WALKING-STICK CARVED WITH THE FIGURE OF A TURBANED ASIATIC PRISONER.



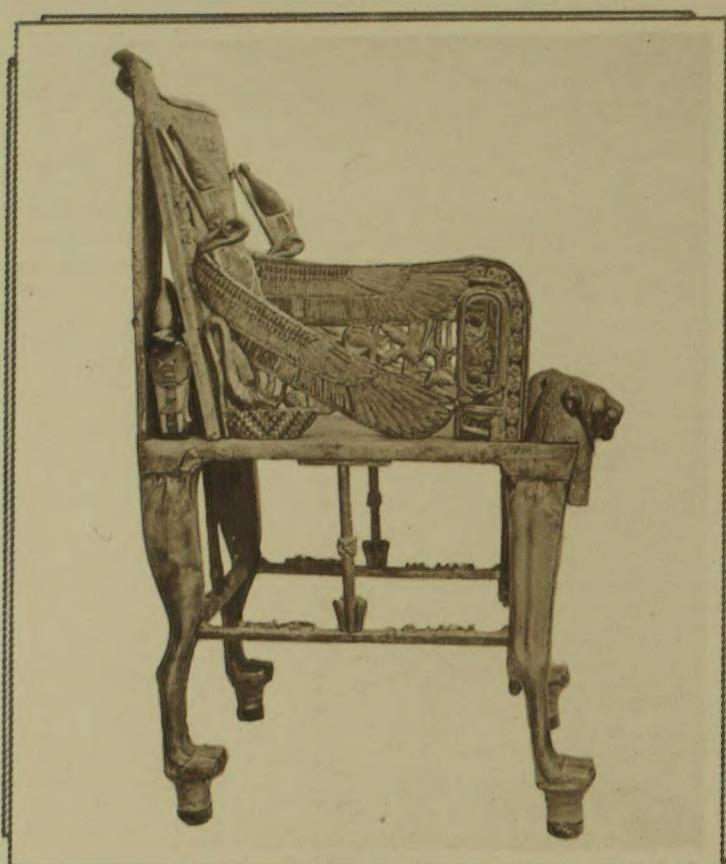
THE SNAKE STANDARD OF THE TENTH NOME AS IT WAS FOUND: DRAPED AND ENCLOSED IN A SHRINE.

As noted in our last number, interest in the tomb of Tutankhamen and its wonderful contents has been revived by the London lectures of Mr. Howard Carter, co-discoverer of the tomb with the late Earl of Carnarvon. In his first lecture, delivered at the New Oxford Theatre, on September 21, before a distinguished audience invited by the Earl's widow, Almina Countess of Carnarvon, Mr. Carter told the romantic story of the great discovery, and illustrated his description with lantern slides and moving films. He dwelt in serious vein on the masterly character of ancient Egyptian art, but he introduced a lighter touch

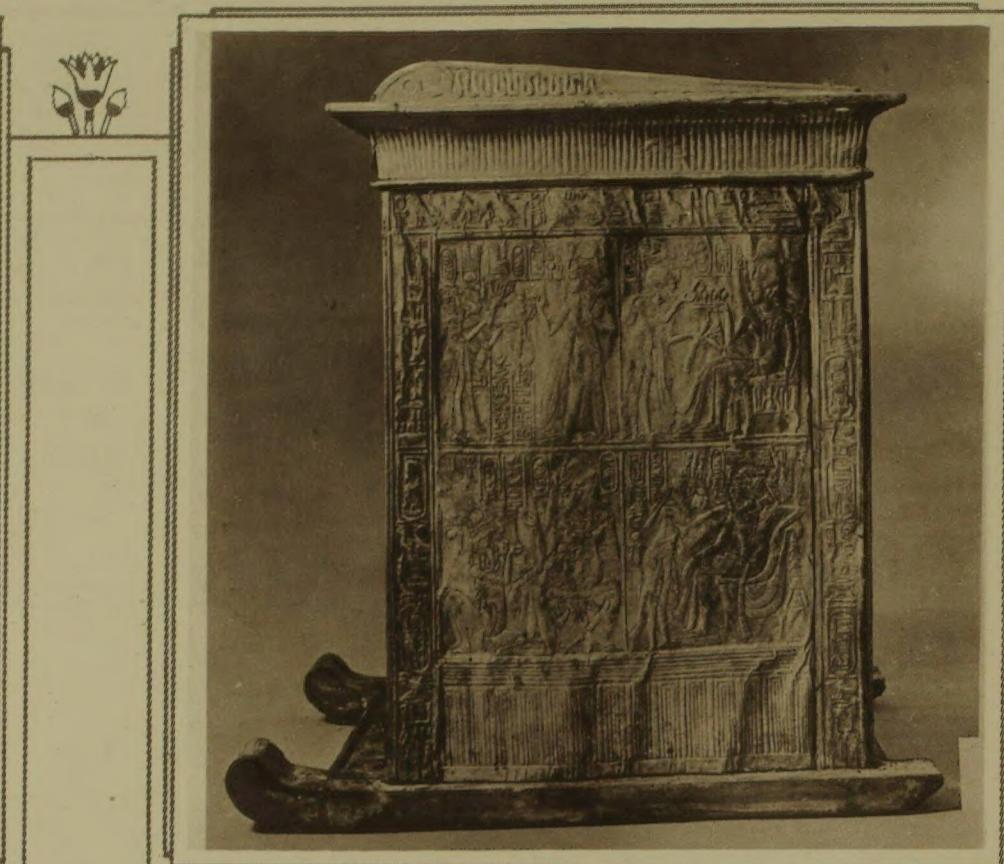
at one point in his discourse, when he compared the figure of the Asiatic prisoner on the King's walking-stick (illustrated above) to the familiar features and bowler hat of Charlie Chaplin. The prophetic likeness is certainly remarkable, and it would be interesting to know whether Mr. Chaplin is conscious of any previous incarnation among the Hittites or Assyrians of Tutankhamen's day. The face of the figure is of ivory carved and painted. The shrine containing the snake standard of the Tenth Nome (Province), known in classical times as Aphroditopolis, was found in the ante-chamber of the tomb.

THE "DOMESTIC AFFECTION" OF AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN KING.

THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT. PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON.



CONTAINING (IN THE BACK PANEL) AN EXQUISITE TABLEAU OF TUTANKHAMEN AND HIS QUEEN: THE CORONATION THRONE.



"IN ALL THESE SCENES THERE IS THE DOMINANT NOTE OF A FRIENDLY RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE": AN EMBOSSED GOLD SHRINE.



"LIVE THY KA AND MAYEST THOU SPEND MILLIONS OF YEARS, THOU LOVER OF THEBES, SITTING WITH THY FACE TO THE NORTHWARD AND THINE EYES BEHOLDING FELICITY": TUTANKHAMEN'S WISHING-CUP OF SEMI-TRANSLUCENT ALABASTER, INSCRIBED WITH THE AFORESAID WISH.

"Tutankhamen's tastes," said Mr. Howard Carter in his lecture, "might have been those of the average young Egyptian nobleman rather than those of a youth of royal blood. In his tomb it was the domestic affection that was the dominant idea rather than the austere religious conventions that characterised the other royal tombs." His coronation throne contains in the inner back panel a charming tableau (illustrated in our last number) of Tutankhamen and his wife. Similar scenes, "depicting, in delightfully naïve fashion, a number of incidents in the daily life of the King and Queen," are embossed on the small gold shrine shown above,

a box with double doors and ebony bolts, and cased in thick sheet gold. "In all these scenes," writes Mr. Carter, "there is the dominant note of a friendly relationship between husband and wife, that self-conscious friendliness which marks the art of the Tutankhamen period." The lovely alabaster wishing-cup is in lotus form, with lotus blossoms on either side supporting emblems of eternal life. It is engraved in low relief. In the centre, in black, is the King's protocol, and round the rim are inscribed "the royal titles and the text of the wish quoted above underneath the illustration.

"SEATS OF THE MIGHTY" IN ANCIENT EGYPT: A TUTANKHAMEN CHAIR.

THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT. PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY BURTON.



A PROTOTYPE OF THE MODERN CHAIR, OVER 3000 YEARS OLD: A MIRACLE OF DESIGN AND DECORATION, CARVED IN CEDAR WOOD, AND ORNAMENTED WITH IVORY, GOLD, AND BRONZE.

There is something singularly modern about the general aspect of this royal chair from Tutankhamen's tomb, made about 3300 years ago, but in beauty and richness of decoration it far surpasses anything produced to-day, and is almost equal to the same King's coronation throne illustrated on another page. The chair is of carved cedar wood, adorned with gold, bronze, and ivory. The winged solar disc at the top is in heavy sheet gold, while the angle-pieces and studs are of the same metal. Open-work gold-plated ornamentation between the rails and seat

was torn away by tomb-robbers in ancient times. The device represents the union of the two kingdoms, Upper and Lower Egypt. The kneeling figure in the centre of the open-work back panel symbolises Eternity, and holds the emblem of myriads of years. On the right arm hangs the Sign of Life. On either side is a banner bearing the name of the King, surmounted by the Golden Hawks. The claws are of ivory and the foot-pieces sheathed in gold and bronze. They were probably intended to stand in vessels of oil or water, as a protection against white ants.

THE SEAL'S TRAGIC STORY: GUADALUPE AND ITS UNIQUE FAUNA.

Abridged from an Article in the "National Geographic Magazine" (Washington) by G. Dallas Hanna and A. W. Anthony. Photographs by G. Dallas Hanna. Copyright by the National Geographic Society.

[The authors of the following article were in charge of the scientific work of an expedition organised under the direction of Dr. Barton Warren Evermann, Chairman of the Committee on the Conservation of the Marine Life of the Pacific, appointed by the Pacific Division of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The expenses of the expedition were borne jointly by the National Geographic Society, the California Academy of Sciences, the San Diego Society of Natural History, and the Scripps Institution for Biological Research. The Government of Mexico cooperated by providing its fisheries patrol boat, "Tecate," Captain Victor Angulo. During the cruise specimens of birds and mammals, reptiles and amphibians, insects, land shells, marine fossils, plants, fishes, and strange and rare forms of animal life, many of them entirely new to science, were obtained and have been submitted to specialists, who are preparing technical reports to be published subsequently.]

"GUADALUPE, Mexico's westernmost possession, located 180 miles south-west of San Diego, California, is about twenty miles long and six miles wide. It rises precipitously from abysmal depths,



AMONG THE BIRDS MENACED WITH EXTINCTION BY HOUSE-CATS TURNED WILD: A GUADALUPE ROCK WREN. "This gentle and confiding little creature seems to delight in investigating its human visitors, and does not hesitate to perch on hat, shoulder, or foot."

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a volcano some 12,000 feet high but with only 4500 feet above the sea. It has never been connected with other shores and it is, therefore, an oceanic island in every respect. All of its animals and plants have either come to it over or through the ocean.

This enforced isolation of the species which have come to Guadalupe has caused them to become modified into many distinct forms which are of great interest to students of biology.

Guadalupe is the sole remaining home of the only remnant of a herd of elephant-seals in the Northern Hemisphere. Its fine herd of fur seals was hunted and persecuted until apparently the last survivor succumbed to the buckshot of the hunters. At least 200,000 skins of this valuable fur-bearer, which, at present prices, would be worth more than 6,000,000 dollars, were taken from the island.

So far as the available records show, the last

living fur seal was seen on Guadalupe in 1892. Since then several expeditions besides our own have gone to the island and searched for the animal without success.

The entire Guadalupe herd must have numbered at least 100,000 animals when it was in its prime.

If the original breeding stock had been preserved and allowed to remain constant, only the annual increase being removed each year, the herd would have produced millions upon millions of dollars in the 125 years since the slaughter began. At 30 dollars per skin (present market value of a fur seal), the annual increase from a herd the size of that which once inhabited Guadalupe would be about 750,000 dollars. This is 5 per cent. interest on 15,000,000 dollars, which represents the actual value the herd would have to-day.

Another interesting sea mammal is the Guadalupe elephant-seal—a huge, clumsy beast with a long flexible trunk. The animals were at one time widely distributed and abundant on many of the remote islands of the Antarctic region, but the whalers soon learned that a fair quantity and quality of oil could be obtained from each carcass. So the slaughter began, and ended only when the species was commercially exterminated.

More than once it was thought that the last living representative of the species had been killed, but fate has dealt more favourably with it than with the fur seals; each time a nucleus escaped to rebuild the herd. . . . If vandals and unscrupulous hunters can be prevented from raiding the rookery, the species can be preserved indefinitely.

As soon as our expedition returned and submitted reports, prompt measures were urged for the protection of these interesting animals. President Obregon, of Mexico, almost immediately thereafter declared Guadalupe Island a government reservation. Unauthorised landing is now prohibited and no elephant-seal or fur seal can be killed or molested within three miles of its shores. Heavy penalties have been fixed for violation of the protective measures.

Among these strange animals, we seemed to be taken back several geological periods, to the age of the ungainly dinosaurs of the Jurassic or the slovenly giant amphibians of Carboniferous time.

Instead of shedding the hair, as do the mammals with which we are familiar, the elephant-seal sheds the cuticle of the skin; it peels off in large flakes, like the skin of a sunburned bather, and the new skin on the excessively rough and corrugated neck is left a bright geranium pink. Otherwise the animals are a dull leaden grey.

The flexible snout or trunk reaches a maximum length of 16 inches in old males, and, so far as is known, it serves no useful purpose. When the animal throws its head back and utters its deep, snore-like trumpet call, the end of the trunk, blown full of air like a toy balloon, is placed in the widely opened mouth. An accessory resonator is thus produced, which gives the sound a far-away, uncanny tone, like a distant horn.

The snout of the female is imperfectly developed; therefore this organ would seem to have no association with food-gathering habits, but at present nothing is known as to the animal's food or the manner of obtaining it. Truly the elephant-seal is one of the mysteries of nature.

The first naturalist to visit Guadalupe was Dr. Edward Palmer, in 1875. He described the place

house wrens, rock wrens, and towhees were all about him and all were species never before seen by a naturalist. But conditions were vastly changed at the time of our visit. Guadalupe is a biological sepulchre.

The shrubs and flowering plants have been practically exterminated and for thirty years no young trees have had a chance to grow.

Four of the fine species of birds have become extinct and the others are reduced to a fraction of their former number.

The cause of all this death and destruction was the ambition of someone to start a goat ranch on Guadalupe many years ago. The animals, without care, thrived beyond the wildest expectations of the promoters, but the venture proved a failure financially.

The goats have learned to quench their thirst with sea water and have eaten almost every living plant. In seasons of exceptional drought, when nothing grows on the lowlands, thousands upon thousands of the animals have died, and the canyons, beaches, and caverns are strewn with their bleached bones.

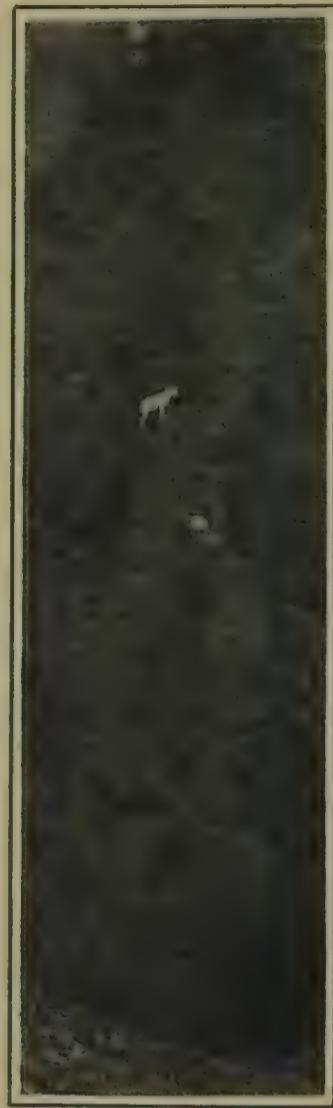
The only source of fresh water on the island is on the higher portion, where there are some small seepages. Around one of these it was estimated there were 5000 goats when we were there.

At one time Mexico had a garrison of soldiers stationed on the island, and they built a barrack on the beach near the north-east point; they brought burros and mules to carry water down the mountain, over the excessively rough trail. When the soldiers went away they left the animals to shift for themselves, and we found several of them around one of the water-holes, apparently glad to see a human being once more.

Either the goat ranchers or the soldiers liberated house cats, which promptly turned to wild cats and proceeded to subsist upon the bird life of the island. They have been the direct cause of the disappearance of most of the birds, and we saw evidences of their depredations in the form of loose feathers and wings at every landing we made.

House mice were also introduced in the same manner and have completely overrun the island. One might think that the cats would kill the mice very promptly, but the birds seem more to their liking.

The cats will undoubtedly exterminate practically all of the birds of the island in the next few years; there seems to be no practicable method to avoid this ornithological catastrophe.



DESTROYERS OF PLANT-LIFE ON GUADALUPE: GOATS OF A BREED IMPORTED FOR A LONG-ABANDONED RANCH.

These two goats jumped down 40 ft. and walked quietly away when approached.

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INCREASED AND MULTIPLIED EXCEEDINGLY SINCE THE GOAT RANCH WAS ABANDONED: A FEW OF THE THOUSANDS OF GOATS THAT ARE DESTROYING EVERY VESTIGE OF VEGETATION ON GUADALUPE.

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as a paradise. There were a great many beautiful shrubs and flowering plants in the moisture belt, and the birds were so abundant and so tame that he called it an isle of dreams. Fully thirty species of plants were found endemic among the 140 kinds collected. Juncos, petrels, caracaras, flickers, house finches,

WITH "TOY BALLOON" TRUNK: A SURVIVOR FROM THE DINOSAURS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. DALLAS HANNA. COPYRIGHT BY THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY (WASHINGTON).



THROWING SAND OVER ITS BACK: A CHARACTERISTIC HABIT OF THE GUADALUPE ELEPHANT-SEAL, WHICH IS "AWKWARD, SLOW, AND DELIBERATE IN ITS MOVEMENTS."

QUITE UNAFRAID OF MAN OR THE CAMERA: A GUADALUPE ELEPHANT-SEAL PHOTOGRAPHED AT CLOSE RANGE.



NOT DEAD, BUT MERELY ENJOYING A SIESTA ON THE BEACH: ONE OF THE HERD OF ELEPHANT-SEALS ON GUADALUPE ISLAND.

WITH GREY SKIN PEELING OFF IN FLAKES, LEAVING IT GERANIUM-PINK: A GUADALUPE ELEPHANT-SEAL SHEDDING ITS CUTICLE.



WITH THEIR NOSES BLOWN FULL OF AIR LIKE TOY BALLOONS: ELEPHANT-SEALS GIVING A "SNORE-LIKE TRUMPET CALL."



TOO LAZY AND FAT TO BE IN A HURRY: A GUADALUPE ELEPHANT-SEAL COMING OUT OF THE SEA ON TO THE BEACH.

"Instead of shedding the hair, as do the mammals with which we are familiar, the Guadalupe elephant-seal sheds the cuticle of the skin; it peels off in large flakes, like the skin of a sun-burned bather, and the new skin on the excessively rough and corrugated neck is left a bright geranium-pink. Otherwise the animals are a dull leaden gray. The flexible snout or trunk reaches a length of 16 inches in old males, and, so far as is known, it serves no useful purpose. When the animal throws its head back and utters its deep, snore-like trumpet call, the end of the trunk, blown full of air like a toy balloon, is placed in the widely opened

mouth. An accessory resonator is thus produced, which gives the sound a far-away uncanny tone, like a distant horn. The snout of the female is imperfectly developed; therefore this organ would seem to have no association with food-gathering habits, but nothing is known as to the animal's food. . . . Among these strange animals, we seemed to be taken back several geological periods to the age of the ungainly dinosaurs of the Jurassic, or slovenly giant amphibians of Carboniferous time. Many things show that elephant-seals are survivors of an ancient lineage and do not belong to this age of highly organised and specialised birds and mammals."

THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE'S ONLY SURVIVING ELEPHANT-SEALS: A REMNANT THAT ESCAPED THE EXTERMINATOR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. DALLAS HANNA. COPYRIGHT BY THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY (WASHINGTON).



LUCKIER THAN THEIR FUR-BEARING BRETHREN IN NOT HAVING BEEN EXTERMINATED BY

"Guadalupe," we read in the article on page 564 "is the sole remaining home of the only remnant of a herd of elephant-seals in the Northern Hemisphere. Its fine herd of fur seals was hunted and persecuted until apparently the last survivor succumbed." The above remarkable photograph shows members of the American scientific expedition mentioned in the article walking among the elephant-seals on Guadalupe. The animals look as if they were dead, but they are merely enjoying a siesta. They showed not the slightest agitation, and allowed themselves to be slapped on the back, jumped over, and photographed at close range. It was this absence of any fear of man that made them an easy prey to the whalers who hunted them for their oil. "We found these animals," says the writer of the article, "at the original Elephant Seal Beach, a slight indentation of the north-west shore-line of Guadalupe. Precipitous, unscalable cliffs wall in the beach on the back, so we landed at one end very quietly, without disturbing a single animal. Counts were made

WHALERS: ELEPHANT-SEALS ON THE SHORE OF GUADALUPE, SHOWING NO FEAR OF MAN.

and photographs, including motion pictures, were taken. It was found that a much more satisfactory enumeration could be made from an enlargement of the photograph of the herd (shown above) than by a count made in the field. We found 264 animals present. The breeding season had passed and, except in a very few cases, the females and young were absent. An estimate of the entire herd based upon the number of males found gave a total of almost a thousand. If vandals and unscrupulous hunters can be prevented from raiding the rookery, the species can be preserved indefinitely. The elephant-seals are awkward, slow, and deliberate in their movements on land. We soon learned that our fear of disturbing them was groundless, for by degrees the entire party walked down among them, and some of the boys even slapped them on the back or vaulted over them. They seemed to have no conception of man or fear of him." Photographs of individual elephant-seals, taken at close quarters and showing their peculiar "trunks," appear on page 565.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

"IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT ON THE NIGHT."—CHEAPER SEATS.

I RECEIVED an original invitation from Mr. Sutton Page, the energetic Press-manager of the Alhambra and Coliseum, at the behest of Mr. George Reynolds, who conducts the former house—the Alhambra wakened to the new-old life of a music-hall. "If you can find the time," he said, "will you

whether behind her a heavy weight came down from the flies, that a man bestrode it and rose to heaven like a fairy; she did not care that *flop!* a bit of a drawing-room set from aloft became her neighbour, nor that around her people were gossiping, whistling, singing, as artists do when they play the waiting game.

She fidgeted hither and thither, as only ten minutes were allowed her—for every performance is marked in the stage time-sheet as to minutes and his or her particular set of scenery—and, always followed by Mr. Saker's baton, which must be a kind of magic wand to the orchestra, she tripped through the beginning and the end of all her dances, classic and modern, and never in these quiet transitions of melodies and paces was there gap of time or rhythm.

Miss Maude, very warm after her hard work, was quickly swathed in her dressing-gown by tender hands; then appeared Mr. Butcher and Miss Muriel George. They work together like Siamese twins; they are as safe as houses. A little phrase she sang, a little trill she twittered in her caressing voice; that was all. Room for Walter Williams and his partner. Walter, with his hat at the back of his head, and the little girl in walking-dress, paced with all the nimbleness that endears them to vaudeville audiences; the little girl clung to him and sauntered with him as lightly as if she were in muslin instead of a tailor-made.

Meanwhile, don't think for a moment that there was repose in the auditorium or on the stage. Every second a message went from the managers to Mr. Slater; the workmen hollered frequently instructions to one another as to the scenery that was to come up or down; some ran about with "props," some came down into the stalls to show or ask something; even during the playing a man wound his way through the orchestra to distribute more scores—and what scores sometimes—mere rags or

pages hanging together by a thread! Yet no confusion, despite chaos. There was method in this madness—and fun there was,

too; when a singer, instead of the words (with a "You know, Saker"), uttered "tam-tam-tiditi-papa" and only in the refrain returned to the articulate language of the living.

By that time it was one o'clock; everybody was dog-tired; and at 2.30 was the matinée—a Monday matinée, the horror of all artists, when the audience seems to have left that Kruschen feeling at home! But it had been a fine rehearsal, and it would be all right on the night.

So it was. When I occupied my seat at the appointed time, everything was in apple-pie order. Every artist was there to the minute, and their work was as neat and inspired as if they had only just risen from a holiday siesta. And the orchestra played up to every man and woman as if they had lived all

their lives together in happy unison. It was a capital programme, and in the *entr'acte* I had time to reflect on the wonderful World of the Theatre, so typical of our England in the war. We always "muddle through" somehow, to the annoyance of the rest of the universe, and in the end is victory and ovation. So it was at the Alhambra.

Not long ago, discussing the economic question of the World of the Theatre on this page, I referred, with sundry details, to the one remedy needed to draw the middle-class to the theatre—namely, cheaper stalls and dress-circle seats. Somehow, the same thought must have occurred to two of our managers; for during this week Mr. Bertie Meyer, the next lessee of the Prince's Theatre, announces an adaptation of "Sherlock Holmes" by Mr. Harold Terry, with Eille Norwood as Sherlock (a capital selection), and seven-and-sixpenny stalls, including tax—other seats on the same basis. And while I write, Mr. C. B. Cochran, with sapient appreciation of the circumstances which have thinned out the better seats at many theatres, forecasts that we may expect—when his plan is ripe—the old rate of about 8s. 6d. for the dress-circle and probably stalls at 10s. 6d., including tax. One thing struck me in Mr. Cochran's welcome manifesto. He says: "There is no doubt whatsoever but that the amusement tax is indirectly paid by the manager and not by the playgoer, inasmuch as the playgoer has to lessen his visits to the theatre on its account." It is a wonderful paradoxical plea—but can it quite pass muster? What occurs indirectly is, I venture to say, conjecture; what happens directly I know. In my entourage of club and City, I have heard many a time: "If the stalls were 10s. 6d. again, I would go; but 12s. is too much"—in other words, the tax, which comes out of the pocket of the playgoer, is the stumbling-block. No manner of argument can do away with that fact; nor does the oft-proffered plea of dearer costs of production, rents, etc., alter it. The tax is paid by the purchaser of the ticket, and the grumble will not cease until the manager makes some sort of concession. Perhaps the good old British method of splitting the difference—nowadays called "fifty-fifty"—would meet the case. The whole thing seems a little paltry when one considers that eighteenpence is all the difference. Yet in these times little things count. Ask the London bus-proprietors



"LONDON CALLING," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S: MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AND MR. NOEL COWARD IN THE 6TH CALL, "RAIN BEFORE SEVEN."

Miss Gertrude Lawrence is charming in a great variety of parts in "London Calling," while Mr. Noel Coward not only acts, dances, and sings, but wrote the lyrics and music, and helped to write the "book."

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

come and see a rehearsal of the new bill on a Monday morning, and then, later on, see the performance?" And he promised me a sensation which is best described as "the birth of a nation"—harmony rising from chaos.

So that Monday, having nothing more to do than a morning and an evening performance and an article or two, I hied promptly at 10.30 to the Alhambra. The veil of Granada hung over the vast auditorium; the house was in twilight; a few busy gentlemen clustered together and in quick gesticulation exchanged signals with the conductor, who knows how to serve two masters at the same time, for he was eagerly apostrophised by a figure on the stage explaining with a French accent that he wanted just thirty seconds of music just before his entrance. As Mr. Berg (for he was the well-known lightning mannikin-draper) was holding forth, the stage was as alive as an ant-heap. Wallowing in semi-darkness, workmen lowered and raised curtains and fragments of scenery; carpenters were hammering away for dear life; as in a glass darkly, I discovered Butcher and his comely wife, Muriel George, of Follies fame, lifting a duet; in a corner stood a dear little thing in a dressing-gown out of which peeped a dainty camisole and oh! such a pretty petticoat, talking to another lady—it was Edna Maude, the graceful dancer. In another corner a pianist was playing an Irish ditty—he was representing Mr. Talbot O'Farrell, whose train was late—for it was Monday, you know—and so safe was the accompanist that he could rehearse for two by himself.

By this time Mr. Berg had settled his fanfare with Mr. Saker, the conductor; and now a fine figure of a man walked up, warbled in sopranissimo a few notes of Tosti's "Good-bye," and suddenly said: "I won't do more now except the 'for ever,' but just linger on the last note." Over and over again the orchestra lingered over these high notes, which no *prima donna* could have surpassed in altitude, and then the stalwart man vanished. Could anyone have guessed that anon, at the matinée, in his *décolletage* and sumptuous gowns he would be the rival of Bert Errol as a male female-impersonator?

Next was little Edna Maude's turn. Off came the dressing-gown, and then she stood as pretty a piece of Saxony as could be imagined. She did not care



THE 24TH CALL IN THE POPULAR REVUE, "LONDON CALLING," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S: MISS MAISIE CAY, MR. TUBBY EDLIN (LEFT), AND THE BROTHERS CHILDS IN "THE SWISS FAMILY WHITTLEBOT."

"The Swiss Family Whittlebot" is an amusing skit on ultra-modern poetry. It forms the last "call" but one in "London Calling," one of the best revues that M. André Charlot has produced.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

what they took when the minimum fare was 1½d., and how it grew when the good old copper (with slightly curtailed distance, it is true) was reinstated. The figures would probably be astounding. Funny—but true! Meanwhile, thanks and good luck to Bertie Meyer and C. B. Cochran for breaking the barrier.

The Colour of the Hunting-field: By a famous Sporting Artist.

THE opening of the hunting season lends interest to these delightful illustrations by Mr. Lionel Edwards, who ranks high among sporting artists. Many of his hunting and polo pictures have from time to time been reproduced in colour in this paper. Those on this page are three of a set of eight colour-plates for a new book of verse by Mr. Will H. Ogilvie, entitled "Scattered Scarlet" (reviewed on a later page), and are given by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Constable. In our issue of December 16 last we gave in colour similarly three illustrations by Mr. Edwards to Mr. Ogilvie's previous book of poems, "Galloping Shoes." The following extracts are from the new volume, and relate to the pictures here reproduced.

FROM "POINT TO POINT."

"Behind him they take it left and right,
Colour catching the pale sunlight,
Now a scarlet against the blue,
Now the gold on a glinting shoe.

Bunched together they top the rise,
Lost to all but the keenest eyes;
Four hats bobbing beyond a hedge;
One man skirting the woodland's edge.

Silence.—And then from the crowd a hum
Deep and expectant—'Here they come!'
'Who's that leading?'—and—
'Still the brown!'
'Now for the double!'—and—
'Two of 'em down!'



"'WHO'S THAT LEADING?' AND 'STILL THE BROWN!'
'NOW FOR THE DOUBLE!' AND 'TWO OF 'EM DOWN!'”—POINT TO POINT.

FROM "IDLEWOOD."

Grey Idlewood, my beauty,
You take your royal due,
Reward of faithful duty,
In fields made fair for you!
Tall elms that bid you rest,
A sky just flecked with cloud,
A warm wind from the west
Too shy to whisper loud,
That brings no sound of hoof-beat,
no trampling of the crowd!

Your season's toil is over;
With grass that sweeps your knees
You search for cool wet clover
In friendship with the bees!
Your mouth forgets the bit,
Your flank the frequent spur;
Each oak-rail that you hit,
Each stone you set astir
Has faded into silence with the things that never were."

FROM "THE LONG HACK HOME."

The bay goes short in his stride
And carries his lean head low;
The spur is close at his side,
Yet his stumbling step is slow.
On his flank the drying sweat,
On his neck the faded foam,
But his ears are forward set
On the long hack home.

But the longest lane must turn
And the longest day must end;
And the stable lanterns burn,
And the well-known roofs befriend.
And who that would not ride,
And who that would not roam,
For a lodge gate open wide
On the long hack home?"



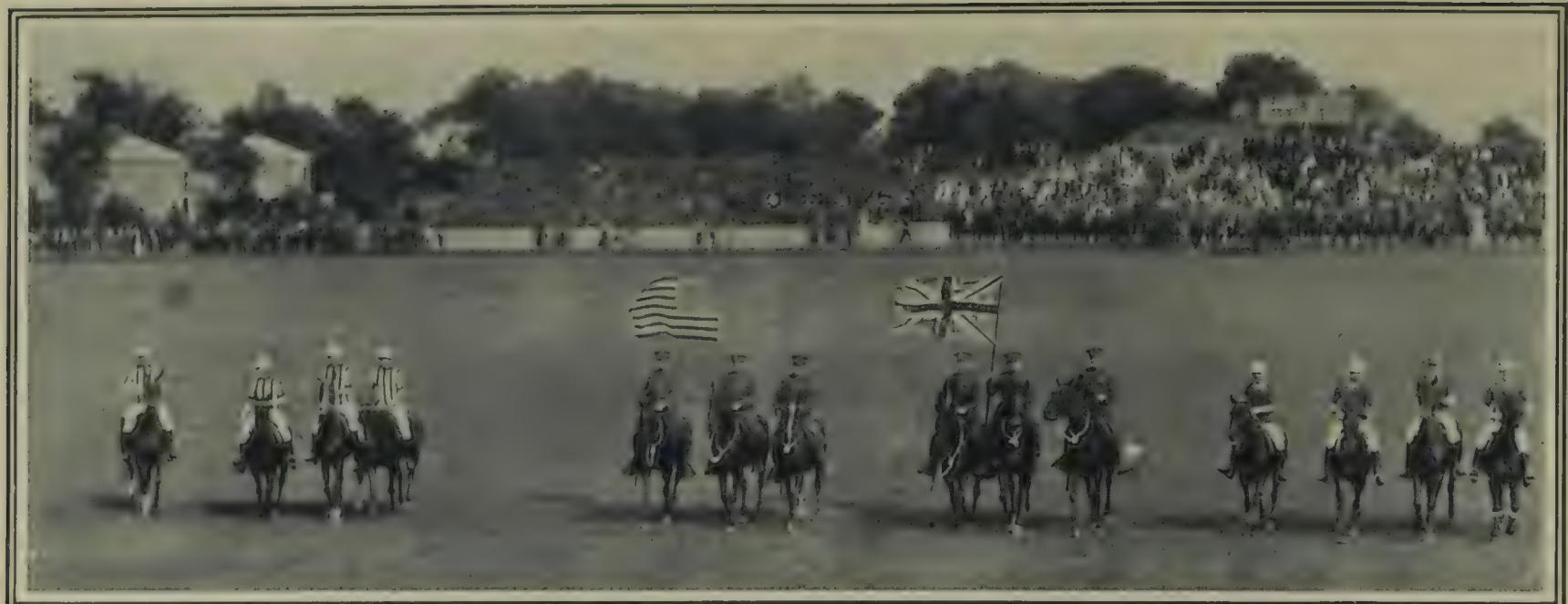
"REWARD OF FAITHFUL DUTY,
IN FIELDS MADE FAIR FOR YOU!"—IDLEWOOD.



"AND THE STABLE LANTERNS BURN,
AND THE WELL-KNOWN ROOFS BEFRIEND."—THE LONG HACK HOME.

EVENTS ABROAD: POLO; A HONG-KONG TYPHOON; THE JANINA CRIME.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A. C.N., MING YUEN STUDIO, AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



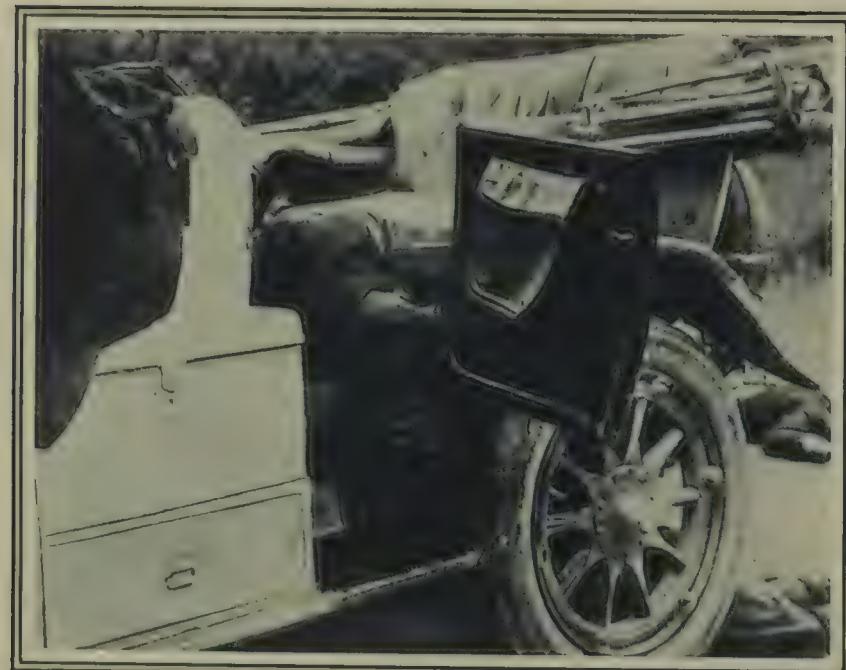
THE ANGLO-AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL POLO MATCHES: THE TEAMS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY (LEFT) AND THE BRITISH ARMY (RIGHT) PARADING, WITH THE RESPECTIVE NATIONAL FLAGS, BEFORE THE FIRST MATCH OF THE SERIES AT WESTBURY, LONG ISLAND.



AFTER THE WORST TYPHOON EXPERIENCED AT HONG-KONG SINCE 1906: ONE OF THE TWENTY STEAMERS DRIVEN ASHORE.



HONG-KONG AFTER THE RECENT TYPHOON: A TANGLE OF SCAFFOLDING AND OTHER TIMBER BLOWN DOWN IN ONE OF THE STREETS.



THE CRIME THAT CAUSED THE GRÆCO-ITALIAN CRISIS: GENERAL TELLINI'S CAR, WITH THE BODY OF SURGEON-MAJOR CORTI IN IT, AND OTHERS ON THE GROUND.

The first of three international polo matches in America, in which the United States Army won the rubber against the British Army, took place on September 12, when the Americans won by 10 goals to 7. The teams were: U.S. Army—Major H. Wilson, Major J. K. Horr, Lieut.-Col. Lewis Brown, and Major L. A. Beard. British Army Major F. B. Hurndall, Lieut. W. S. McCreery, Lieut.-Col. T. P. Melvill, and Major E. G. Atkinson. In the second match at Meadowbrook on September 15 the British team won by 12 goals to 10, and on the 18th they were beaten by 10 goals to 3. On August 18 Hong-Kong was swept by a typhoon which was described as the worst since 1906, though the loss of life was less owing to the improved warning service. The wind tore through the



SHOWING THE BODY OF LIEUT. BONACINI UNDER THE CAR, THE CHAUFFEUR FARNETTI ON THE RIGHT, AND THE INTERPRETER IN THE FOREGROUND: THE JANINA CRIME.

streets at 130 miles an hour, uprooting trees and telegraph-poles, and hurling down scaffolding. Some twelve Chinese tenements collapsed, causing 40 deaths. Twenty coastal and river steamers went ashore, and a British submarine was sunk, her commander, the only member of the crew aboard, being gallantly saved by a blue-jacket.—After the murder of the Italian General Tellini and his suite near Janina, the General's body, it was reported, was found thirty yards beyond the car. That of his aide-de-camp, Lieut. Bonacini, lay under the car, and those of the chauffeur, Farnetti, and the interpreter, Athanassi Ghéziri, a few yards away on the road. Surgeon-Major Corti had fallen inside the car. The details of the crime have since been reconstructed by the Allied Commission of Inquiry on the scene of the murders.

THE MYSTERIOUS WRECK OF SEVEN AMERICAN DESTROYERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., P. AND A., AND TOPICAL.



STRANDED, AND BOARDABLE AT LOW WATER: THE "S. P. LEE," ONE OF THE SEVEN U.S. DESTROYERS WRECKED ON THE CALIFORNIAN COAST.

HALF-SUBMERGED AND DIFFICULT OF ACCESS AMID HEAVY SURF: THE U.S. DESTROYER "NICHOLAS" ON THE ROCKS AT SANTA BARBARA.

ON September 9 seven destroyers of the United States Navy—the "Delphy," "S. P. Lee," "Chauncey," "Fuller," "Woodbury," "Nicholas," and "Young," went ashore in a dense fog at Honda Point, near Santa Barbara, on the coast of California. They were engaged at the time in "practice cruising" and were on their way from San Francisco to Santiago. The navigators apparently believed that they were eight miles off the coast, whereas they were actually close in shore. It was suggested at first that they were carried in by an abnormal tide due to the earthquake in Japan a week

[Continued opposite.]



before, but this theory has since been doubted. Up to September 24 no conclusive statement as to the cause of the disaster has been issued by the American naval authorities. Meantime a Court of Inquiry was instituted to investigate it. An account of the actual occurrence said that the destroyer "Delphy," which was leading the flotilla, dashed on the rocks at full

[Continued below.]

PART OF THE HULL OF THE "DELPHY" IN THE FOREGROUND, WITH THE SEVERED BOW (FURTHER TO THE RIGHT), THE "YOUNG" (MIDDLE DISTANCE), AND TWO OTHERS ON THE ROCKS BEYOND.



A DISASTER IN WHICH SOME TWENTY-FIVE MEN WERE DROWNED AND THIRTEEN INJURED, WHILE OVER FIVE HUNDRED WERE RESCUED: SOME OF THE SEVEN UNITED STATES DESTROYERS WRECKED AT HONDA POINT, NEAR SANTA BARBARA, ON THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA.

Continued.]

speed, and her propeller, which was still revolving, struck the next in the line, the "Young" as she approached, and capsized her. The "Chauncey," which was following, collided with the wreckage, and her side, in turn, was ripped up by the "Young's" propeller. Two minutes after the crash the destroyers capsized. Most of the casualties, it is said, occurred on board the "Young." In all, some twenty-five men were drowned and thirteen were injured, while over 500 were rescued. Great courage was shown by men who swam ashore with life-lines.

The twenty-five men who perished were trapped in their bunks and drowned. The seven wrecked destroyers lay in line along the shore at short intervals, the "Chauncey" being high on the rocks, with the seas sweeping over her. The "Delphy" broke in two during the night, carrying down with her an injured seaman who had been lashed to a mast in the hope that he might be rescued later. The lost destroyers were electrically driven, and cost on an average £300,000 (f.260,000) each. The oldest, the "Delphy," was launched in 1919, and the newest, the "Young," in 1920.



CHILDREN BY THE OLD MASTERS: No. VII.—"THE BALBI CHILDREN" BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK.

Van Dyck's beautiful portrait-group, "The Balbi Children," formerly in the possession of Earl Cowper, is now in the National Gallery, to which it was lent last year by Lady Lucas. Mr. Lionel Cust writes: "It is to the period of his residence at Genoa (1621-2) that one portion, perhaps the finest, of Van Dyck's life-work belongs—the wonderful series of portraits of the Genoese nobility, knights and

senators, noble ladies and children, many of which still adorn the palaces of the Spinola, Balbi . . . and other great families. A few of them have come to England . . . In these portraits Van Dyck made full use of the rich and costly robes of the nobility, the velvets and jewels and heavy brocades, and added to the already Italianised side of his art a rich glow of colour worthy of Titian himself."

AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641). BY COURTESY OF THE LADY LUCAS AND THE TRUSTEES OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

This colour-plate forms a companion picture to those we have already published—namely, "The Blue Boy," by Gainsborough; "The Red Boy," by Lancret; "A Girl with a Cat," by Perronneau; "A Boy and Rabbit," by Reuben; "Prince James Stuart and his Sister," by Lancret; and "Princess Sophie, Daughter of King George III," by Hoppner. Owing to the great interest taken by our readers in these series, we have issued them as separate plates, on art paper, ready for framing, at 2s. ed. (post free, 3s.). Miss E. F. Bredt's portrait of Miss Sylvia Nottis as Polly Peachum in "The Beggar's Opera" is also published in similar form at the same price. "The Blue Boy" is now out of print. Any two of the others (including the above picture) can be had as a pair for 5s. 6d., post free; or three together for 8s., post free. Only a few copies are left, however, of "The Red Boy," "A Boy and Rabbit," and "Polly Peachum." Applications for copies should be made to our Publishing Office, 172, Strand, W.C.2.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



URICONIUM.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

I HAVE just finished a tour of "Wild Wales," and a good slice of the fair land of England that lay between it and London; I have driven along a precipice in a thick "Scotch mist," in the vain hope of seeing Plynlimmon; and cut off the flipper of a stranded whale on a lonely beach, with the aid of a penknife and the feeble rays of a bicycle lamp. Castles and cathedrals innumerable, lakes and mountain passes have kept my camera busy. And after



ONCE A THRIVING ROMAN TOWN IN SHROPSHIRE: RUINS OF URICONIUM, NEAR WROXETER—ONE OF THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THEM EVER PUBLISHED.

This general view shows the remains of the Basilica (exchange and law courts) and some of the excavated areas. No. 17 (marked by post in left foreground) was the courtyard.

three weeks' "holiday," I have come home for a rest and to sort out my tangle of impressions. Now that they are taking definite shape, some of them seem to be interesting enough to place on record on this page.

Let me begin with my visit to Wroxeter, for the purpose of exploring the ruins of the ancient Roman town of Uriconium, or Viroconium, under the shadow of the Wrekin—our oldest English "mountain." Though these ruins may suffer by comparison with those at Chesters, in Northumberland, which I visited two years ago, yet they are, most emphatically, interesting.

Somewhere round about 1600 years ago Uriconium was an important town, built and inhabited by a Roman colony. To-day green fields and wide pastures overlie its once busy streets. Under this green mantle, indeed, it has lain for hundreds of years; its only monument a piece of the wall of its "Town-hall," or "Basilica"—a massive ruin which, to the uninitiated, is just a "ruin" and nothing more. More than sixty years ago the Shropshire Antiquarian Society began excavations in the neighbourhood of this massive fragment, and brought to light large quantities of pottery, the foundations of temples, large shops and other buildings, coins, tesserae; also glass beads, combs, ear-scoops, and other articles for the toilet or personal adornment, and so on. Then for fifty years all further exploration practically ceased. It was resumed in 1912, and again ceased in 1914. Presently, I believe, a fresh start is contemplated, which may yield an even richer haul than any which has yet been made. So far but few human remains have been found; but I saw skulls of oxen and fragments of other domesticated animals, and the skull of a crane.

It is by no means easy for the casual visitor, when surveying ruins of ancient cities such as this, to conjure up a mental picture of the animated scenes which its streets and public buildings must have presented; and the effort is increased when it is remembered that the inhabitants were, for the most part, an alien race—conquerors—imposing their will upon those whom they had dispossessed—themselves, originally, aliens. To assist the imagination and to stimulate interest—especially where appeals for funds are being made—it has always seemed to me that it would

be worth while to enliven the usual guide-book with pictures of the men and women who gave the city life. However galling the Roman occupation may have been to the conquered, their descendants must have realised that it had entirely transformed the mode of life which prevailed before the conquest, and in all ways for the better, for the Romans carried with them all the blessings, as well as the inevitable evils, of civilisation.

If there is one thing more than another which stands out in contemplating the home life of the ancient Roman, it is surely his veneration for his bath. The rich man's bath-room seems to have been his sanctuary. He lavished large sums upon it, and made it a place of real beauty. His less fortunate brethren had to be content with the baths provided for public use. But these, too, were elaborately built.

The public baths of Uriconium seem to have been entered from the Basilica. The wide doorway is yet imperfectly preserved in the only wall of this building which is still standing, and is shown in the subjoined photograph. Traces of the vaulting may be seen on each side of it, and over the doorway. Here was the entrance hall, which served as the undressing room (*Apodyterium*), from which the bather passed into the

like instrument known as the "strigil." This was followed by a plunge in the hot-water tanks and a return to the *Tepidarium*, whence, after having cooled down, the ceremony was ended by a quick plunge into the cold-water bath, or *Frigidarium*. This bath, with its lining of mosaic, is still intact.

The heating of these various chambers was effected by means of hot air, which was generated in "hypo-



TILES FOUND AT URICONIUM, NAILED ON A BOARD TO SHOW THE METHOD OF OVERLAP: RELICS OF ROMAN BUILDING IN ENGLAND.

As mentioned on this page, piles of small tiles were used to make short pillars, on which rested the floor of the Roman baths at Uriconium, near Wroxeter.

causts"—large "flues" running under the chambers to be heated. The floor of these chambers rested on columns, two or three feet high, made of piles of small tiles laid one upon another, and some of these pillars are still to be seen here. Flue-pipes were also carried up the walls where extra heat was desired. To provide the hot air, fires were lighted in the hypocaust, fuel being introduced from the outer walls of the chambers. The hot-water baths were placed immediately over the furnaces.

No photographs, so far as I know, have been published of these ruins, so that the few which I was able to take, thanks to the courtesy of the curator, Mr. Jackson, will be of interest, and may help to make my description easier to follow. Outside the baths lay the latrines, which seem to have been cleansed by means of a large reservoir, at the bottom of which, at the time of my visit, a row of tobacco-plants was growing.

The name of this ancient city, it is interesting to recall, was derived from that of the famous mountain—now known as the "Wrekin"—near which it lies. The great Roman road, the Watling Street, entered it on the north-west, passing on its way the cemetery, various sepulchral stones from which are now to be found in the Museum at Shrewsbury.

The city occupied an area of about 170 acres, and was surrounded by a wall and ditch, traces of which are still to be found here and there in the fields.

Battle, murder, and sudden death seem to have overwhelmed both the city and its inhabitants during a raid by two Saxon chiefs, Ceawalin and Cutha. Tradition would have it so, and this is supported by the fact that frequently, when the earth which covers its ruins is turned over, soil black from burning is found. Moreover, excavations have revealed the skeletons of men, women, and children amidst the blackened walls. The skeletons of an old man and of two women were found crouched between the pillars of one of the hypocausts, which they had sought as a place of refuge. Near the old man's hand was found a little hoard of coins—mainly of the fourth century—which probably represented his small fortune. But this dark and narrow hiding-place availed them nothing, for the beams from the blazing roof, in their fall, blocked all way of escape, and so they perished, suffocated by the smoke.



WHERE THE ROMAN INHABITANTS OF URICONIUM WENT FOR A "TURKISH BATH": THE SITE OF THE CALDARIA AND ENTRANCE TO THE HEATING CHAMBER. The archway giving access to the hypocaust (underground heating chamber) is marked 13 (on centre of wall under arch). The site of the *Caldaria* (hot vapour baths) is marked 6 (extreme right). Its furnace lay in the area marked 12 (top right).

Tepidarium. This was a large room warmed to gentle heat, and used apparently as a "lounge" for conversation—and the display, perhaps, of the "latest thing" in bath-gowns.

Next a move was made to the *Caldaria*, answering to the "Turkish-baths" of to-day. The perspiration which was speedily excited was removed by the blade-



THE BRITISH LOVE OF BATHS A LEGACY FROM THE ROMANS: THE ENTRANCE TO THE PUBLIC BATHS FROM THE BASILICA AT URICONIUM.

Here we see part of the Basilica at Uriconium, showing the large doorway leading to the *Apodyterium* (undressing room) of the public baths. The row of holes below the vaulting above the doorway marks the positions of beams destroyed by fire. The site of the *Tepidarium* (warm bath) is marked 3 (on wall near ground just to right of centre).—[Photographs by W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S.]

THE LEONARDO DA VINCI DISPUTE.

PHOTOGRAPHS 1 AND 4 BY W. A. MANSELL AND CO.

DURING the recent discussion by art experts in Paris regarding the "La Belle Ferronnière" dispute, Professor Adolfo Venturi, Director-General of the Italian Art Galleries, suggested incidentally that the National Gallery's "Virgin of the Rocks" was not a genuine Leonardo, but possibly by one of his disciples. The picture's authenticity was defended by Sir Charles Holmes, Director of the National Gallery. He is reported to have said that it was painted 15 years later than the similar work in the Louvre, but is undoubtedly by Leonardo. It was formerly in a church at Milan, and came to England about 1777. The nimbus over the Virgin's head and the reed cross on St. John's shoulder are ill-drawn and known to be later additions. Ruskin adversely criticised the background in his "Modern Painters."



A LEONARDO IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY WHOSE AUTHENTICITY HAS BEEN DOUBTED: "THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS."



DISCUSSING THE CLAIM OF MRS. HAHN'S PICTURE, "LA BELLE FERRONNIÈRE," TO BE AN ORIGINAL LEONARDO: ART EXPERTS IN CONCLAVE IN PARIS—(CENTRE BACKGROUND) PROFESSOR VENTURI.



DESCRIBED AS "A COPY OF THE LOUVRE ONE AND NOT BY LEONARDO DA VINCI": MRS. HAHN'S PICTURE, "LA BELLE FERRONNIÈRE."



ADJUDGED BY THE EXPERTS TO BE "AN ORIGINAL BY LEONARDO DA VINCI": THE PICTURE IN THE LOUVRE—"LA BELLE FERRONNIÈRE."

The rival claims of the "La Belle Ferronnière" in the Louvre, and another version of the same subject belonging to Mrs. André Hahn, to be the original work of Leonardo da Vinci, were recently discussed in Paris by a committee of well-known art experts, including Sir Charles Holmes, Professor Adolfo Venturi, Sir Martin Conway, and Mr. Roger Fry. It was understood that they all declared that the Louvre picture is an original by Leonardo, and that Mrs. Hahn's picture is a copy and not by Leonardo. Opinions were based partly on artistic quality and partly on the nature of the pigment. Sir Charles Holmes is reported to have said that Mrs. Hahn's copy was "anatomically deplorable," and the face was flat and common,

while the Louvre picture was far more complex in psychology. Professor Venturi pointed out that the *ferronnière* (head ornament) in Mrs. Hahn's picture was a little too much to the left, and the ruddy reflection on the face from the red dress was absent. The dispute arose out of an action brought by Mrs. Hahn against Sir Joseph Duveen for 500,000 francs damages for declaring that her picture was not an original, in consequence of which the Kansas City Art Institute withdrew its offer of that price. Mrs. Hahn is the wife of Captain H. J. Hahn, formerly of the U.S. Air Service, and daughter of the Marquis de Chambure. The painting has been in the family for 150 years.



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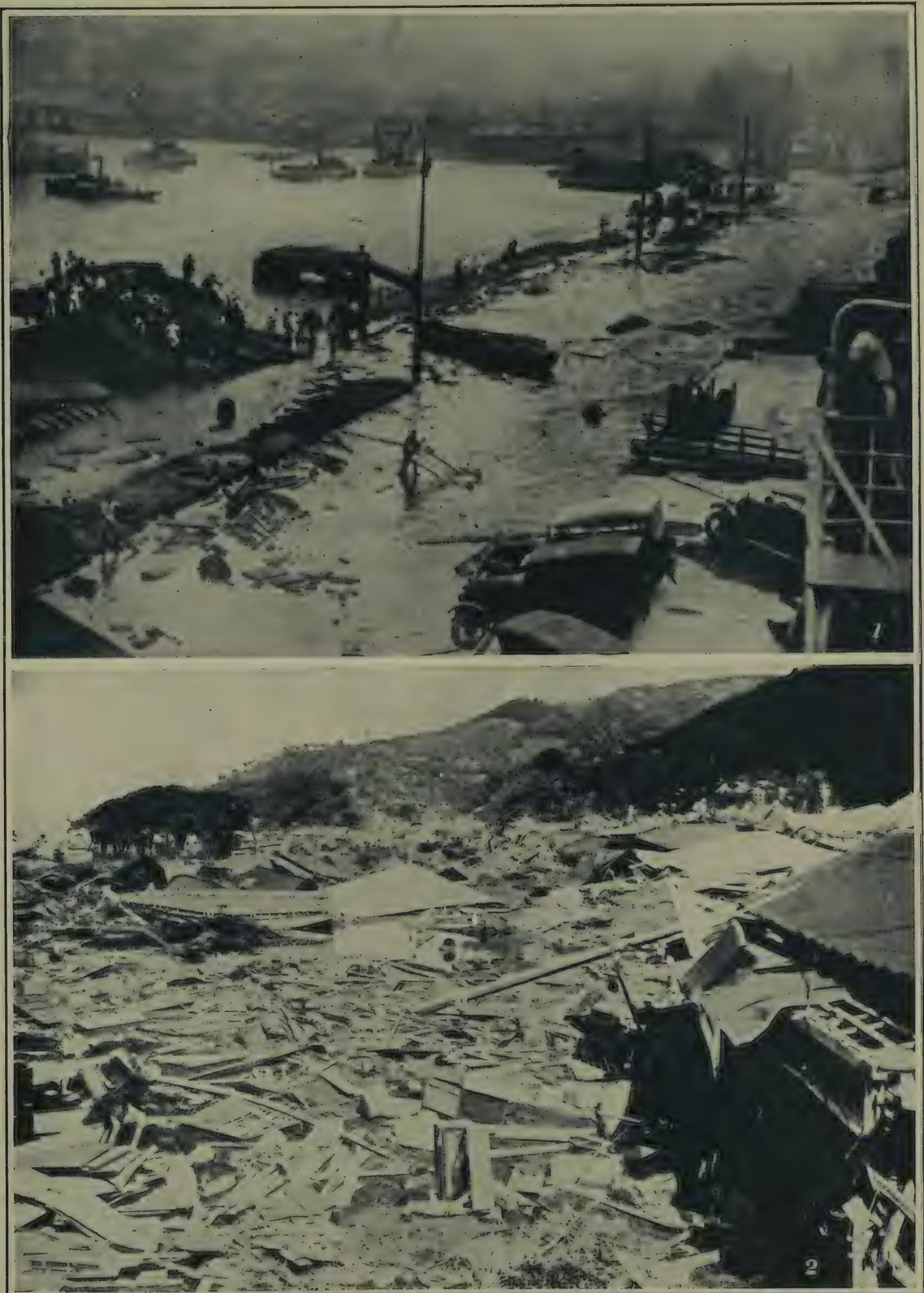
"INCENSE"

By Gordon Nicoll

In this appealing "still-life" Gordon Nicoll pays tribute to the fragrance of "Three Nuns," the tobacco in which countless artists and writers have found comfort and inspiration.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AND TIDAL WAVE: (1) HAVOC ON THE WATER-FRONT AT YOKOHAMA;
 (2) THE TOWN OF ITO, IN THE IDZU PREFECTURE, COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED.

We publish here two of the first photographs of the Japanese earthquake to reach this country, which have just come to hand as we go to press. They speak for themselves as to the devastating effect of the upheaval. Since we last dealt with the subject some further particulars of the disaster have been given. A message from Tokio of September 10 stated that the total number of casualties in all districts affected was probably one and a half million, including over 200,000 dead. A message from Osaka of September 12, said: "It is

officially stated at Martial Law Headquarters that, while the exact number of deaths caused by earthquake and fire is not yet known, the following approximate figures are now available:—The number of deaths at Tokio is about 110,000; at Yokohama, about 30,000; at Kamakura, 10,000; in the Miura Peninsula, 10,000; at Odawara and Atami, 700; in the Boso Peninsula, 5000. Altogether the dwellings of about 700,000 persons out of a total population in the devastated area of about 3,000,000 have been destroyed."



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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

THE past two years have been prolific in political, social and official memoirs, and it is significant of the times that one or two of these books have been written by women. Some have frankly labelled themselves indiscreet and their books indiscretions, and in works of the kind frail human nature finds most pleasure when the writer throws prudence to the winds. Interest, however, does not depend on indiscretions of the blazing order, and such records can be fascinating even when they betray no State secrets.

Quite recently, although "recently," used with regard to books, is now a very precarious term—so rapidly are even important works pushed into the limbo of the circulating library back shelves, if not into the cellars—Mr. Winston Churchill explained the origins and progress of the Great War, as they appeared to an Old Man of the Sea, *ex officio*. Now, *hey presto!* comes an Old Man of the Land, to wit, Mr. Asquith, with "THE GENESIS OF THE WAR" (Cassell; 25s.), a work of ripe judicial discretion, abounding in knowledge and rich personal experience.

It declares itself, at the outset, "in no sense an Autobiography," nor does it profess to review the conduct of the war or the resultant peace treaties. It is with the antecedent stages of European politics and diplomacy that Mr. Asquith is concerned, and he finds the beginnings in the year 1880. Although the era of *Weltpolitik* did not begin effectively until Bülow's Chancellorship in 1900, the historian of origins must go back to the death of Frederick III., and the accession of his son, "the young Kaiser—restless and self-confident, sentimental and adventurous and penetrated to the core of his being with an overpowering consciousness of the Heaven-sent mission of the Hohenzollern family." The clash with Bismarck was the inevitable consequence of William's rise to full power. As the Tsar remarked to the Kaiser, Prince Bismarck was only an *employé*. It did not matter that to the *employé ou fonctionnaire* the Kaiser owed his Imperial Crown and Germany her political unity.

Now the rest of the acts of William and all that he foolishly did, are they not written by Mr. Asquith in an admirable and graphic *précis*? Thereafter he sketches the beginnings and the end of Bülow's Chancellorship, and passes to the "Encirclement" of Germany, and a survey of Bethmann-Hollweg's policy. A pleasant, personal aside occurs in the passage where Mr. Asquith tells how Bethmann reproached him good-humouredly for his confession that he had not been greatly impressed by Houston Chamberlain's "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century." Bethmann then descended eloquently on Chamberlain's central theme, the dominance of race as the main factor in history. Bethmann held that Christ was not a Jew, and that the Germans are the Chosen People. In his "Memoirs," the ex-Kaiser has admitted the vanity of Chamberlain's gospel.

Naval expansion, the Haldane Mission, and pre-war preparation are discussed in detail, and, after a chapter on Serajevo, Mr. Asquith describes Sir Edward Grey's peace efforts in a narrative of absorbing interest. Of this section of the book especially, future historians must take account. Mr. Asquith, by the way, acknowledges particular indebtedness to Mr. Alexander Mackintosh (of the *Aberdeen Press and Journal*) for the pains and skill with which he has disentangled the story of the pre-war negotiations.

One passes from the world of high politics to High Bohemia on turning from Mr. Asquith's book to "MYSELF AND OTHERS," by Jessie Millward (Hutchinson; 16s.). The name of the actress will suggest to many older playgoers the name of William Terriss, for the two were the great fixed stars of Adelphi melodrama. Many readers, one imagines, will look first

to see what Miss Millward has to say about Terriss's murder. It must have cost her agonies to write the story, but she has not shirked the task. The most remarkable part of her account is the strange series of foreboding dreams which haunted Miss Millward shortly before the event. Students of the psychic will here find plenty of matter for discussion.

Otherwise, the work differs little from the ruck of such theatrical memoirs—it is a story of struggles, triumphs, and warm-hearted friendships. Needless to say, it contains at least one anecdote of Sir Herbert Tree which is an acquisition to any cabinet of these gems. It appears that during a long rehearsal of "Julius Caesar," generous refreshment had been provided by the directorate, and the supers had not neglected the noble opportunity. Consequently, the exclamations of the Roman populace when they came

Apropos of great lawyers' books (not technical), the successors of Serjeant Ballantyne and Montagu Williams keep up that tradition bravely. Judge Parry, is in the lists again with "THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ADVOCACY" technical yet light (Fisher Unwin; 5s.), which lawyers and laymen must be reading eagerly. As yet that is for me a pleasure deferred, as I am on my travels in Scotland, where a chapter of accidents has restricted my supply of new books; but the latest volume by the author of "Katawampus" will find due mention on this page later. It is to be hoped that Mr. Cairns, whose "Loom of the Law" is now in a second edition, will not keep us long waiting for another instalment of his moving romances of the Police Courts.

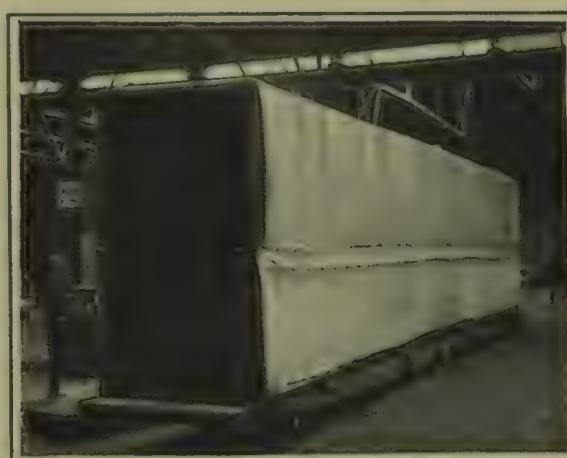
Judge Parry, one need hardly remind readers, is as admirable a light versifier as he is a brightener of dusty legality. In these days of Anthologies there is a great chance for some judicious, and judicial, compiler to give us a new collection of poesy by the Lyric Apollos of the Bench and Bar. Darling, J., has a famous gift that way, and there are many others, past and present, whose wit and wisdom should add to the garland.

The appearance of Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's new novel is coincident with the latest addition to Messrs. Cassell's Uniform Edition of this wonderful writer's works. The volume in question is "Little England," "Good wine," etc., but one may heartily commend the series of cheaper reprints which enables Miss Kaye-Smith's admirers whose purses do not run to more expensive editions to fill a charming small shelf at the very modest outlay of 3s. 6d. a volume. "Infinite riches in a little room."

The moving accidents aforementioned prevent me this week from making any extended notes on the very latest fiction, but here are a few safe suggestions for the Library List:

"CAPTURES," by John Galsworthy (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), a handful of masterly short stories; "THE LAST TIME," by Robert Hichens (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.); "MOORDIUS AND CO," by W. J. Locke (John Lane; 7s. 6d.), a story of a splendid decadent; "TANTALUS," by Miss Dorothy Easton (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), a second book which more than fulfils the promise of this comparatively new writer's excellent beginning. The vicar who was "keen on the school-room" presents a powerfully original modern study in St. Anthony's temptation. The vicar's interest educational. I leave the question to individual curiosity.

Lovers of psychic stories are in luck's way at present. Scarcely have we laid down Miss May Sinclair's "UNCANNY STORIES" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), which now and then introduced disembodied spirits revisiting earth in order to do people who have injured them a good turn, than we take up Miss Maude Annesley's "WHERE I MADE ONE" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), and find a similar incident expanded to a novel. The world into which Miss Sinclair's good spooks return is not ours—it is the illustrator's, M. Jean de Bosschère's—consequently the tales leave us more curious than quaking. But Miss Annesley brings her spirit heroine back into the hard, bustling life of every day, where her quiet perverseness sets the reader looking fearfully over his shoulder. The heroine, in life an ardent abolitionist of capital punishment, was murdered, and, true to her principles, returned to save her murderer from the gallows. She intimidates a British jury, but that may not be criminal in those who have passed over and passed back.



LUXURIES OF TRAVEL FOR A DERBY WINNER: THE COVERED GANGWAY PREPARED FOR PAPYRUS TO EMBARK IN THE "AQUITANIA" FOR NEW YORK.



TESTING THE AIR-CUSHIONS OF PAPYRUS'S CABIN WALLS: WORKMEN PREPARING HIS QUARTERS IN THE "AQUITANIA"—SHOWING AN OBSERVATION WINDOW FOR ATTENDANTS.

Luxurious quarters were prepared in the "Aquitania" for Mr. B. Irish's famous colt, Papyrus, to travel to New York to meet the best American three-year-old. An air-cushioned box, 15 ft. square by 10 ft. high, and lit with electric light, was built at a cost of £500, on the lowest of the open decks. The cowhide covers of the cushions were left undressed, and free from noxious dye, in case Papyrus should while away the time by licking them. In severe weather it was arranged to lower a storm-bar, similarly padded, which would hem the horse in against the side with only 4 inches margin. Papyrus embarked on September 21, with a stable companion, Bar Gold, in an adjoining box, and the stable cat.

Photographs by Topical and I.B.

on next were somewhat thicker than is set down for them by Shakespeare—

Tree gazed at them hopelessly, but like a true philosopher made the best of it. "Splendid! Fine! A magnificent bit of realism," he exclaimed. "Your simulation of the intoxicating effects of Casca's foul blow on the citizens of Rome is Zolaesque—but please return your torches, all of you, to the property master before you set fire to my beautiful scenery."

It is by its anecdote that a book of this kind alone justifies its existence, and here existence is justified in good measure.

A cheaper edition of "THE STORY OF MY LIFE," by Sir Edward Clarke (Murray; 6s.), will be welcomed by thousands who wished to possess this remarkable book, but found the price of the original issue beyond their purse. If ever the book was the man, and the style the man, it is so here. It is just Sir Edward Clarke, a man four-square without reproach, and when that is said all is said about this autobiography of a great advocate and a great citizen. Those who are interested in criminal trials will find that Sir Edward can be as fascinating a commentator on famous cases as he is an autobiographer. His account of the Penge Mystery, notable as a piece of dramatic description, is more notable still for its cold and measured indictment of the late Mr. Justice Hawkins.



ELABORATE PRECAUTIONS FOR THE SAFETY AND COMFORT OF PAPYRUS WHILE CROSSING THE ATLANTIC: WORKMEN PREPARING THE AIR-CUSHIONED WALLS OF HIS £500 BOX IN THE "AQUITANIA."



SET A THIEF—



IX. THE OLD LAY.

By RALPH DURAND, Author of "*The Mind Healers*," "*John Temple*," and "*Spacious Days*."

MR. ALBERT MAYO was busy, one blustering March morning, with the accounts of the Eglington Street Chapel receipts and expenditure. He loathed the job. He was happy when he was preaching to a congregation of dead-beats and hard cases whose attention he felt he held. He was very happy indeed when in his untidy little sitting-room he knelt beside some fellow-sinner, some old pal, perhaps, of his criminal days, and led him triumphantly up to grace. But he hated what he called the ink-slinging side of his evangelistic work; and the effort to reduce the chapel accounts into some sort of order that would be intelligible to the chapel trustees always provoked him to most unregenerate profanity.

He was heartily glad when his old friend and still older enemy, Detective Simmonds, interrupted him by walking into his room and bringing with him a soldierly-looking old gentleman whom he introduced as Sir James Barnett.

"Pleased to meet you, Sir," said Mayo, sweeping a heap of papers off his only arm-chair. "Sit down, please. I can guess more or less what you're after. Simmonds isn't as interested as I'd like him to be in my chapel, so I suppose it's something in the detective line. As Simmonds well knows, I don't take on every case that's offered me, but you've found me in the right mood. I'm so sick and tired of totting up figures that I feel like going out and cracking a crib just for the sake of waking myself up."

"And that's exactly what I want you to do," said the stranger, smiling.

Mayo was puzzled.

"I don't understand," he said. "What's the joke?"

"No joke at all. Let me explain. As Simmonds can tell you, I'm the head of the Secret Service. I tell you that merely to assure you that I'm not going to ask you to do anything dishonourable, and I'll ask you to forget it as soon as you can. It's the policy of my department to trust no outsider, however respectable, more than is absolutely necessary, and to give away no more information than we must. Simmonds tells me that you are absolutely trustworthy. Can I trust you to say nothing whatever to anybody except to himself and me about what I'm going to tell you?"

"You can," said Mayo gravely. "Though I've my doubts about whether Simmonds is saved, I know that he wouldn't let me in for making any promise that my conscience wouldn't let me keep."

"Then I can go on. This is my trouble. An agent of a foreign country with which Great Britain is theoretically on very friendly terms has stolen the plan of a new type of aircraft that our Air Force is building. If the Air Force of that country—we'll call it Cismontana—has that plan in its possession long enough to make a copy of it, there'll be another world war in five years' time. We want you to get that plan back. It'll be a tough job. Will you tackle it?"

"Can't the police nab the bloke that pinched it?"

"No. He took it at once to the Cismontana Embassy—the police have discovered that much—and a foreign Embassy is regarded as foreign territory; our police have no right to enter it."

Mayo's eyes danced with excitement. "So you want me to burgle the Embassy?" he asked.

"No. It's too late for that. The Cismontana State messenger will smuggle the plan out of the country to-night. He has booked a passage by to-night's Dover-Ostend boat. As the diplomatic agent of a foreign Power, he is by international custom immune from arrest in the country to which he is accredited. As the Cismontana Ambassador has abused his position by causing the plan to be stolen,

we should be morally justified in arresting his messenger. But if we did there would be an international outcry. We should have to explain the circumstances to all the other Embassies, and our secret would be out. The only way to avoid publicity is to play their own game and steal the plan back again. That's why I have come to you. I have plenty of trustworthy men under me, but they are none of them burglars. There are plenty of burglars I could offer the job to, but they are none of them trustworthy. Will you do it? Simmonds will point out your man on the boat-train at Victoria to-night. It'll be your job to shadow him and get the plan back as quick as you can. It's three days' journey to Cismontana, and he won't wait till he gets there before he has copies made of it. I'll give you all the money you need for travelling expenses, and as for reward—"

"Don't talk to me about reward," said Mayo. "Ever since I found grace I've been trying to do a bit of good to even up the harm I've done. If I can do this for King and country, I'll be happy enough to do it for mix. It'll be fun, too! Fancy being back at the old lay again! Wait a bit, though. I haven't any tools. Last time I was pinched—it was Simmonds as pinched me—he got all mine."

"It's all right," said Simmonds, opening a handbag. "They were put in the museum at Scotland Yard. I took them out again this morning and brought them with me. I thought you'd rather have the tools you've been accustomed to than make shift with any others we could find you."

Mayo took the instruments of his former lawless life, and handled them almost lovingly.

"It'll seem rum to crack a crib on the straight after cracking so many on the cross," he said. "They're a bit out of order. I'll have to tune them up before to-night."

"To-night!" exclaimed Sir James.

"I'll have a try to-night if I get half a show," said Mayo. "The longer the job is left, the harder it'll be. I don't expect I'll be able to rob him before he goes aboard. I've never had any practice as a pickpocket—but I'll see what I can do on the boat. It's going to be a wild night by the look of it, and that'll be right into my hand."

"If you can do it before you reach foreign soil, so much the better," said Sir James. "If you are caught burgling while you are within reach of the English police, Simmonds will see that you come to no harm. But if you get into the hands of any foreign police, you mustn't look to us for help. Our Secret Service men abroad play their own hands alone, and if one of them were to get into trouble and try and defend himself by saying that he was working for the British Government, the British Government would flatly deny all knowledge of his existence."

"That's all right," said Mayo briskly, stuffing away papers into a drawer that was already overfull. "It won't be anything new to me to have every man's hand against me. Come on, Simmonds, there's a few little theatrical properties I'll have to get before to-night. And you, Sir, if you don't see me again, you'll know that I'm in quod somewhere abroad. I shall have done my level best, but all I ask of you is to get the Prisoners' Welfare Society to find someone to run my chapel till I get out again."

Mayo had been right when he predicted a wild night. When his fellow-passengers stepped out of the boat train on to Dover Pier, and heard the howling of the wind in the Channel steamer's rigging, and felt the sting of spindrift on their faces, many of them decided to wait at the Lord Warden Hotel till the gale eased. So few went on board that Mayo had

no difficulty in securing for his sole use the deck-cabin next to that into which he saw the Cismontana envoy go. Having secured it, and paid an exorbitant price for it, he perplexed the steward by showing no intention of using it except as a place in which to leave his handbag. He asked the steward if the ship's authorities would have any objection to his spending the night on the seat that stood on the deck between his cabin-door and the next one, explaining that he had always wanted to see what a real gale at sea was like. The steward considered that the captain, being responsible for the safety of the passengers, would object, but a tip, and a hint that another one might be forthcoming, modified his doubts, and he went away prophesying that the cold and wet would soon drive Mayo under cover.

Left to himself, the ex-convict considered what he had to do. The lock of his cabin told him what that of the adjoining cabin was like. It was strong but simple in construction, and even when locked could be opened from the outside by a master-key, or forced at a cost of ten minutes' hard work with brace, bit, and jemmy. But he had not a master-key, and he could not use brace, bit, and jemmy because, as a few minutes' observation showed him, the deck on to which the door opened was patrolled by an oilskin-coated quartermaster.

Immediately above the seat between the two cabin doors was an electric light protected by inch-thick ground glass. The first thing to do, obviously, was to get rid of this. An opportunity soon occurred. As the steamer cleared the pierhead, and before she could turn her head to the gale, a great wave leaped out of the blackness and crashed on to the deck, sweeping it knee-deep in water. The vessel staggered under the blow and then, as the propeller raced in the trough of the wave, quivered and rattled amid an uproar of racing machinery, groaning joists, creaking steering-gear, swirling water and breaking crockery. Mayo, clinging with one hand to the seat, looked hurriedly round. The quartermaster was in sight, but his back was turned, and he was clinging dripping to a stanchion. Mayo slipped his jemmy from his sleeve, sprang on to the seat, struck with all his force at the lamp and sat down again. A moment later the quartermaster resumed his patrolling, noticed that the light was out, and expressed wonder that even so heavy a blow to the ship could break so strong a lamp. Mayo, with the unreasonableness that characterises ships' passengers, asked him to take steps to replace it immediately. The seaman replied that there would be time enough for that when the ship was in smooth water again, and that if passengers stayed in their cabins where they belonged, they wouldn't be troubled by any number of deck-lights going out.

As soon as the man had resumed his patrol, Mayo reconnoitred the position. He found that he had not secured as much darkness as he had hoped. Any one standing by the door could be seen, though indistinctly, by the light of other lamps within range. To smash any more was impracticable, and might lead to discovery. He realised that he must work standing in an apparently natural attitude facing seaward with his back braced against the door, using tools small enough to be concealed when necessary in the palm of his hand. He returned to his cabin, examined its fastenings once more, and decided, instead of tampering with the lock, to cut it away bodily from the door. To do this he must pierce a semi-circle of holes round the lock as nearly as possible touching each other, and then get to work with a knife and cut the wood from hole to hole. He replaced the jemmy in his bag, selected a gimlet and a knife

with a long, thin, flexible blade, stepped out on to the deck and started to work.

A cut of a total length of seven inches had to be made. This would necessitate boring at least a hundred holes. The door was stout, and Mayo found that he must stop to rest his muscles for a moment after making each hole. Allowing for interruptions caused by these necessary rests, by the periodical passing of the quartermaster, and by the need to hold on when the vessel rolled, Mayo calculated that he could do the work in three hours.

He laboured under a heavy handicap. His position—he held on to the seat with his left hand and worked with his right hand under his left arm—cramped his movements. His limbs were soon half-numbed with cold. He had difficulty in keeping his feet on the heaving, slippery deck. The quartermaster, curious to see what sort of passenger stayed of his own accord on deck on such a night, paused sometimes in his rounds to yarn about worse gales that he had experienced. Heaviest handicap of all, he had to fight all the time against the craving to creep away to his bunk and yield utterly to the torments of seasickness. Only a sense of the immense importance of his work, fortified by constant prayer, and lightened by the humorous aspect of calling for a Divine blessing on an act of burglary, sustained him. But the estimated three hours passed, and still there was much to be done. He had less than half an inch still to cut, when a dirty-milk coloured streak on the eastern horizon heralded the dawn. Then a sudden unexpected lurch of the vessel knocked him off his feet; he fell to the deck, and his slender knife snapped in his hand. All his work was wasted, and he was still on the wrong side of the door.

The disaster would have taken the heart out of most men. But his prayers had worked Mayo's spirit to such a pitch of exaltation that he was still confident of success. He went to his cabin, laid down on the bunk, and, after ten minutes' concentrated thought, decided that the only possible way of getting into the Cismontanan's cabin in the short time that was still available was to get hold of a master-key. He pressed the button of the electric bell, and, while waiting for the steward, reviewed all he remembered ever having learned about the art of picking pockets.

The steward came, letting himself into the cabin with his master-key, which he slipped after use into his hip pocket. Mayo in a feeble voice demanded whisky. The steward, annoyed at being called out of the comfortable stuffiness of the saloon to the bleak, open deck, replied that the bar was closed. Mayo suggested that perhaps ten shillings would open it. The steward, mollified, said he would see what could be done, and left the cabin. Mayo gave him ten seconds start and followed him, staggering wildly along the deck and calling to him to come back. The steward stopped and turned. Mayo began to ask his expert opinion as to whether brandy was not more suitable in cases of seasickness. As he spoke, he watched for the next roll of the ship. When it came he lurched wildly forward, clutched the steward by the neck and fell with him to the deck. For a moment they rolled together in the scuppers with arms and legs entwined, and when they picked themselves up, the master-key had changed owners.

The next quarter of an hour was for Mayo the most trying of the whole night. Time was getting very short, but since it would have been fatal for the steward to come back with the brandy and find him missing, he had to remain idle till the man returned. When the steward did return, he had to listen patiently to explanations about his having lost his key, and having had to rouse the chief steward to find him another, to speculations as to how he came to lose it, and to descriptions of the bruises he had got

when they fell on the deck together. Five precious minutes passed before he took his tip and went.

Mayo gulped down the spirit and started to work. He threw off his clerical coat, took from his handbag and put on a brass-buttoned steward's waistcoat—purchased twelve hours before from an old clothes' dealer in Shadwell—and put his head out of the door. The deck was clear, but the sight of a grey stone breakwater, crowned by a light already wan in the growing day, looming ahead, warned him that the ship would soon be in port. He boldly unlocked the door of the Cismontanan's cabin and entered.

Mayo had scarcely hoped that a man charged with so heavy a responsibility would be asleep, but he had more or less counted on finding him prostrate with seasickness. He was disappointed to find the envoy annoyingly hale. There was no doubt about the energy with which he demanded, in English only slightly tinged with a foreign accent, what the devil Mayo wanted.

Mayo, remarking that, as the ship would soon be in port, it was time to think about getting ready for the shore, picked up the envoy's handbag—it had discharged its contents on to the floor during the night—and repacked it. As this did not cause the envoy any visible concern, Mayo decided that the precious plan had not been in the handbag, and turned his attention to the envoy's clothes. He took them from their pegs, shook them out, and folded them, adroitly feeling in the pockets as he did so. Still the envoy seemed unperturbed. Mayo took down a heavy frieze ulster from its peg, and before the startled State messenger realised what was going to happen, flung it on to his face, wrapped it tightly round his head, and tied it there with the State messenger's braces. Next, sitting on the poor man's head, he trussed up his writhing limbs with the bed-linen. When this was done satisfactorily he whipped off the ulster, since he had no wish to do murder, and gagged his victim with a sponge and towel. Then he examined his person. Under his pyjama jacket was a body-belt, and in the body-belt was a pouch, and from the pouch Mayo drew a folded, three-foot-square piece of thin green-linen tracing-paper, covered with designs and figures. He stuffed it into his trousers pocket, made sure that his victim's gag was secure, and hurried back to his cabin.

Sir James Barnett had told Mayo to bring back the stolen plan if he could, but to destroy it rather than run any risk of letting it fall into other hands. Mayo was loath to destroy it; he wanted to be able to produce proof that he had made a success of his job; but, as he had had to use violence, there was small chance of his being able to leave the ship unchallenged. He compromised by cutting four square inches from the centre of the plan, rolling it into a ball small enough to swallow if necessary and stuffing it into his mouth. Then he took off the brass-buttoned waistcoat, put his coat on again, rolled the remainder of the plan round his jemmy, stepped out on to the deck, and dropped it over the side. He left the remainder of his tools to be found by the steward. The more commonplace the burglary appeared, he considered, the less comment it would arouse, and Sir James Barnett wished to avoid comment.

By this time the steamer was alongside her berth. Warps had been passed ashore, and two or three men on the quay were preparing to shove a gangway aboard. Tip-hunting stewards were bustling about. Pale-faced passengers encumbered with baggage were coming up from below. Mayo dodged round the deck-house and mingled with them. Suddenly the steward who had attended him rushed out of the Cismontanan's cabin waving his arms and shouting, "Vast with that gangway. Don't let anyone off the ship. There's a man been robbed." A moment later the Cismontanan, half-dressed, followed the

steward, looked round the deck and pointed to Mayo.

"That's the man!" he shouted. "Search him. He has stolen my papers."

The distance between the ship and the quay's edge was scarcely eight feet. Mayo had more than once made a bigger jump in the dark when chased by police over house-tops. A bold dash and he might be able to throw off pursuit among the railway wagons that stood in rows behind the goods sheds. The impulse to escape was strong. Just in time he remembered Sir James Barnett's warning that, once on foreign soil, he would have to fight for his own hand. He dodged round the deck-house and returned to his cabin.

He was quickly followed by the captain, the steward, the quartermaster, and the Cismontanan.

"The gentleman says you assaulted and robbed him," said the captain. "What have you to say?"

Mayo had nothing to say. No line of defence that would not arouse curiosity occurred to him.

"Search him," said the captain. In Mayo's pockets they found a passport, fifty-odd pounds in notes, and the steward's master-key—a discovery that prompted the steward to declare that he had had his suspicions from the first. In the hand-bag they found a brass-buttoned waistcoat and a set of burglar's tools. But they found no papers.

"We've got evidence enough for an arrest, papers or no papers," said the captain to the Cismontana envoy, after the cabin had been ransacked without success. "You'll have to come back to England and give evidence, and you can tell the magistrate about them. What sort of papers were they, Mister?"

The Cismontanan, who had been searching the cabin as energetically as the others, suddenly affected indifference.

"Nothing of any real value," he said, coolly lighting a cigarette. "Just private letters. He probably mistook them for bank-notes and dropped them overboard when he found they were of no value to him. I can't afford the time to go back to England, so you can set the man at liberty and let him go ashore as far as I am concerned."

Mayo could guess what sort of lively rat-hunt would take place if he were put ashore, with himself for rat and the Cismontanan for leading terrier. He was almost moved to protest that the ship's deck was British territory and he meant to stay on it; but the captain relieved his anxiety.

"Well, run him in, at any rate," he said. "Put the handcuffs on him, quartermaster; and you, steward, slip ashore and tell the agents to wire Scotland Yard to have police meet the ship when we get back to Dover to-night."

"Shall I lock him in here, Sir?" asked the quartermaster.

"In here! In a first-class cabin! Stick the blighter in the paint-locker!"

The paint-locker was little more than a cupboard. It was dark; it was dank; it stank atrociously. There was nothing to sit on but the floor, and that was awash with oily water. But to Mayo, as the door closed on him, the place seemed a blessed haven of safety. The physical and mental strain of the night had been severe. He was weary to the point of utter exhaustion. Now there was nothing to do but rest with a mind at ease. With a happy sigh, he pillowed his head on an oil-drum and closed his eyes. In a short twelve hours or less he would be handed over to Simmonds at Dover, and with a word, a wink even, would proclaim his triumph. Simmonds would hustle him through the crowd to a reserved compartment in the train, and take off his handcuffs and give him something good to eat, and—but at this point in his thoughts Mayo fell peacefully asleep.

[THE END]



The steward rushed out of the Cismontanan's cabin waving his arms and shouting. . . . A moment later the Cismontanan, half-dressed, followed the steward.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

Grub to Crocodile's Egg: A Buttered King.

"THE BANYANKOLE." By JOHN ROSCOE.*

THE Mugabe—the King—of Ankole, being indisposed, sent for the Nganzi, his chief minister, and he, functioning according to ancient rite, summoned the diviner, that he might unearth the ghost at the root of the trouble. The ways of the medicine-man were as peculiar as those of the Heathen Chinee! He used two sticks and the insect called *ntondo*. "He fixed one stick upright in the ground and placed the other in a slanting position against it. On the sloping stick he put an insect and made a noise as if spitting upon it until it began to move; then he repeated to it the names of royal ancestors who might be the cause of the illness. If the insect turned towards him, he knew that the name was not that of the ghost responsible for the Mugabe's state of health, and he tried name after name until the insect walked up the stick, thus declaring that the ancestor last named was the cause of the illness. Offerings were then made . . . to the ghost of that ancestor at his shrine in the Mugabe's kraal." That was not for serious occasion; nor was it practised if the King merely felt a little unwell—possibly after beer-drinking on the night before had made him "sigh," as the natives put it, not daring to say that Majesty was drunk! Then he had his own remedy: "he had all his fetishes brought to him and spat upon each of them before proceeding to his ordinary duties."

Real illness, however, was very much another affair: if likely to be fatal, it ended in a long-decreed self-immolation on the altar of custom. "No Mugabe ever allowed himself to grow old: he had to put an end to his life before his powers, either mental or physical, began to deteriorate." When it was time he called together his chiefs and his sons, talked of affairs of state, and, if he had not already done so, nominated the son he appointed his successor. Then, all being arranged, "he summoned the royal medicine-man and asked for the King's poison. This was always kept in readiness in the shell of a crocodile's egg. The white of the egg was dried and powdered and mixed with the dried nerve from the pointed end of an elephant's tusk and some other ingredients, the exact mixture being kept strictly secret. This had only to be mixed with a little water to be ready for use, and when the Mugabe drank it he fell dead in a few moments."

Thereupon, the dwellers in the kraal lamented loudly, crying with the cry of the jackal; and the fires were put out. "And all goats and dogs in or near any royal kraal were killed, for they were supposed to retain the evil of death." The royal drums were covered, and there was much mourning. "All work ceased in the land and the blades of all weapons had to be wrapped up in grass or fibre. . . . Every man, woman and child in the country had the head shaved. . . ." There was purification by rubbing with the herb called *meetengo*, and Princes and Princes, donning their cow-hide robes and ornaments, put on garments of bark-cloth. As to the widows, some of them strangled themselves; others went to live with son or daughter; others remained to wife the new king.

The disposal of the body was accompanied by singularly revolting ceremonies: then came the rebirth, in the form of a fat grub chosen by the priest, who took it into the forest "and shortly returned with a lion cub into which he affirmed the grub had turned and which was, therefore, the Mugabe in a new condition"; and the blood of a white bull was given to the cub to drink. At the new moon, the messengers set out from the royal tombs by the forest's edge and returned to the capital, there to proclaim the reincarnation. Grief greeted them, with the howls of the hyena and the jackal, with shaving of hair, and with purifications.

* "The Banyankole." The Second Part of the Report of the Mackie Ethnological Expedition to Central Africa. By John Roscoe, M.A., Hon. Canon of Norwich and Rector of Ovington, Norfolk; formerly of the Church Missionary Society. (University Press, Cambridge; 15s. net.)

Next morning were the ceremonies of the accession, with much ritual; the giving of the dead ruler's shoes to his successor, the proclamation while the Prince sat upon the Mugabe's stool set upon the royal mat, lectures and praises, sprinklings with water whitened with clay, the touching of the royal spears, stool, shoes, drums, drumsticks, fetishes, and tobacco-pipes, the uncovering and tapping of the sacred drums, dismissal of the people, and a declaration of power accepted.

Later were homage and the gifts of cows, and the re-lighting of the fires in the royal kraals, not with fire-sticks, but with fire brought by men of the Abaitira clan. Then a journey to a pool on the River Kigabiro, where the ruler was bathed by a man of the clan Abayirunto, and was smeared with white clay and handed a fetish; the while a band of

the laws. The King did not disdain dedicatory fowls—one buried alive in the doorway of his kraal; another at the side of the bed-mound, so that the owner might step on the earth above it as he sought or left his couch—or the dried swallow fetish suspended over the door to keep out evil by rendering magic harmless; but he had to be well guarded.

His day was ceremonious and ritualistic, although his movements were unrestrained, save that he must take heed not to hurt himself and not to cause loss of blood. He began, when he was not on a hunting expedition or accompanying his herdsmen, by transacting the affairs of his kingdom, administering justice and doing other business. After his mid-day meal he rested until the evening, when the chiefs assembled for talk—and beer—and he sat "in a special house where three short posts were arranged so that he might sit between two of them, resting his arms on them, while he leaned against the third. A special wife sat by his side to make another prop for him to lean on if he so desired." Then another meal, and so to bed. Not very strenuous, perhaps; but the milk regulations must have meant considerable weariness of the flesh. "At the set times for drinking . . . he drank milk four times from the morning milking and four times from the evening . . . In the evening, when the Mugabe retired to rest, one or two pages accompanied him to the house in which he chose to sleep and arranged for a supply of milk to be brought there. The Mugabe would drink some before he lay down to sleep and through the night at set times the guards roused the pages, who had to wake the Mugabe by stroking his face and raising him in order that he might drink again. This became so much of a habit that sometimes he would not wake but drink the milk in his sleep."

There were other tribulations. "The milk regulations did not permit the Mugabe to wash his body daily, but he slept at night between buttered bark-cloths and was well rubbed by one of his wives in the morning. Twice a week he had a bath and the pages rubbed him to get off all the old butter, after which he was smeared again with fresh butter. He washed his hands

night and morning with warm water." The morning cleansing was more elaborate than that of the night, and included washing with fetished water and the taking of a potent snuff which caused sneezing calculated to drive out of the royal body all evils which might have entered it during the night.

Hunting was his chief recreation, although he was carried to the scene of operations, so that he might be fresh for the sport, and had the game driven past him, that he might shoot with arrows or throw spears. Occasionally, even, he would grow excited and himself run after a wounded animal!

War, too, had to enter into his calculations; but it was a leisurely undertaking, usually forced by the

Baganda. It was preceded by much labour on the part of diviners, medicine-men, and spies. It might be a year before the opposing forces came in sight of one another—and, always, the Mugabe was kept in a place of safety, unless he had unusually bad luck! His part was a passive one until the army neared home on its return. Then he acted according to rule, sending cattle to be given to the fighting-men and medicine-men to purify them and their spoil, for "the warrior who had killed a man was treated like a murderer or a hunter who had killed a lion, leopard, antelope, or hyena (because the animals belonged to the gods); he was not allowed to sleep or eat with others until he had been purified, for the ghost of the man was upon him."

Thus from grub to crocodile's egg!

So much as a sketch of the Mugabe. Needless to say, Canon Roscoe pictures him far more thoroughly, as thoroughly and as perfectly as he does his people. None can read "The Banyankole" without much pleasure and profit. It is every whit as engrossing as "The Bakitara, or Banyoro": greater praise cannot be given.

E. H. G.



A MODERN COUNTERPART TO THE PAINTED CASKETS OF TUTANKHAMEN: A PAINTED WOODEN BOX BY RECO CAPEY. IN THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL ART EXHIBITION.



BEAUTY COMBINED WITH SIMPLICITY IN FURNITURE: A SETTEE AND TWO CHAIRS BY EDWARD GARDINER, AT THE INDUSTRIAL ART EXHIBITION.



A MODEL OF TASTEFUL FURNISHING AND DECORATION: A CORNER OF A CAFÉ DESIGNED BY GORDON RUSSELL FOR RUSSELL AND SONS, OF WORCESTER.



A BEAUTIFUL PETIT POINT PANEL AT THE INDUSTRIAL ART EXHIBITION: "THE SEASONS," DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY M. S. KUCK.

The Exhibition of Industrial Art of To-day, arranged by the British Institute of Industrial Art, will remain open in the Victoria and Albert Museum until October 20. It contains many fine examples of modern craftsmanship in furniture, pottery and glass, textile fabrics, coinage, and decorative art in general. We illustrate here a few of the most notable exhibits. Mr. Reco Capey, who designed and made the above painted box, won the travelling scholarship at the Royal College of Art. The quotation on the box is from Bacon's essay, "Of Gardens."

By Courtesy of the British Institute of Industrial Art. Photographs taken specially for "The Illustrated London News."

cowhide stitched with beads, cowry shells, and plantain seeds was placed on his head, a spear and a herdsman's staff were given into his hands, and about his shoulders was thrown a herdsman's dress. Followed the milking of white cows and sacrifice, the taking of an augury to determine the site of the new capital, more smearings with white clay, proclamations throughout the land, and the appointment to their offices of the royal mother and sister, the chiefs and the headmen.

Thus came the Mugabe to his throne, and to the wielding of life and death, the holding of sway over a totemic, ghost-fearing, milk-drinking, pastoral people who settled in what is now part of the Uganda Protectorate long before the Baganda and the Bakitara of the same stock and brought with them the cattle-rearing that is their life—their very life: "I was indeed informed that in one or two cases whole families had committed suicide rather than live upon vegetable diet."

The position of the ruler was not altogether a sinecure, although, needless to say, there were perquisites attached to his high office, including a proportion of the cows paid as fines for infringements of

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE QUEEN is taking a great interest in the preparations for the wedding of Princess Maud and Lord Carnegie, fixed for Nov. 12. Monday is evidently a favourite day, for the first fixture was also for a Monday. The Princess is no great lover of clothes, and has always left her dress very much to her dressmaker, who is altogether capable. In the Highlands she wears skirts of the Macduff hunting tartan, and well-made tailored coats or knitted golf coats. For salmon-fishing, of which she is very fond, she dresses in business-like style, and goes about the sport in the spirit of the real lover of angling. Princess Maud has her mother's nervous and retiring nature, but is, with the few intimates she has, full of fun and jokes. I was rather surprised to read in a Scottish paper that Princess Arthur of Connaught had been overwhelmed with congratulations on her access of fortune. Surely her correspondents condoled with her on the loss of a kind old friend! Our Queen has a real talent for clothes, and is giving Princess Maud—or rather, her sister-in-law the Princess Royal—very valuable suggestions for the wedding arrangements. It is rumoured that Lady May Cambridge and Lady Mary Carnegie will be the only grown-up bridesmaids, if any. Children will play the great part in the bridal procession.

Lord Leigh is going to provide us with another American Peeress in the person of Miss Marie Campbell, of New York, who has been his favourite dance partner through the season and is to be his life partner soon. He wears his years lightly, and is a well-known figure at all the big London functions, as gay and genial as any present. His first wife, also American, died some fourteen years ago. The Dowager Countess of Jersey is one of his sisters; the others are the Hon. Agnes and the Hon. Cordelia Leigh. His only brother, who has an American wife, has a son twenty and a daughter nineteen. Stoneleigh Abbey, Lord Leigh's place in Warwickshire, near Kenilworth, is one of the "stately homes of England." Princess Marie Louise recently made a visit there. In addition, Lord Leigh has a house in Grosvenor Square. It is not one of the big mansions, but a charming residence containing fine drawing and dining rooms, and it is up to date, beautiful, and containing some really fine furniture of the Louis Quatorze and Seize

Miss Sarah Cook when he marries her in Montreal next month. Like her sister, the Countess of Minto, she chose to be married from her own home in Canada. Lord and Lady Minto, who are there, will stay for the wedding. Lord Haddington has gone on the reserve of officers from the Scots Greys, in which he

of October for the far North, as it frequently proves better weather and better sport than earlier. Lady Londonderry has been in the North for a long time off and on, spending her time partly at Dunrobin and Uppat, and with her children at Brora, a beautiful place quite unspoilt and quiet, on the open sea, mountains in the background, with good fishing and good golf links. Doubtless Lady Londonderry, with her usual energetic promptness, is getting together material for the biography of her father, Viscount Chaplin, which she will write. Viscount and Viscountess Ednam have been staying with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and have been over at Brora for golf. Lady Ednam often wears the Sutherland hunting tartan tweed as a skirt, and has her golf coat knitted in the same design. The ground is grey, and the tartan merely outlined in dark-green and blue. The Duchess of Sutherland is very constant to the Sutherland badge, which she wears in silver when in the country and in diamonds when in town and in evening dress. The clan spirit is much alive, despite all the changes of years. Although the Duchess is not by birth a Highlander, or even a Scotswoman, she is both by marriage, and the Duke thinks of his position as a chieftain quite as much as of his rank as a Duke.

Viscount and Viscountess Coke are very pleased with their stay at Cortachy Castle, one of the Earl of Airlie's places, Lady Coke being Lord Airlie's sister. The Queen paid it a visit last year. It is on the river Southesk, and has within a few miles of it Glamis Castle, the Duchess of York's girlhood home; Brechin Castle, the Earl and Countess of Dalhousie's home, which was also visited by the Queen, and where Lady Patricia Ramsay has stayed with her brother-in-law several times; Kinnaird Castle, the home of the Earl and Countess of Southesk, and of Lord Carnegie, so soon to be married to Princess Maud. The Earl and Countess of Minto have been for some time past in Canada.

Cannes is making a great bid for even further popularity in the coming winter by getting laid out a golf links high up, nine hundred feet at least, above the old one and the harbour. The membership is to be limited to under two hundred. What the subscription will be has not been divulged, but it will not, I fear me, be within the capacity financially of the *nouveaux pauvres*. The president spoken of is certainly

The charm of this simple tea-gown o black-and-white crêpe-de-Chine lies in the demure organdie Peter Pan collar, with pockets to match.

served through the war. He was, after 1917, on the Staff of the Governor-General of Canada, and he has the Military Cross. His father died in 1917; he was a good soldier too. His mother, Lady Binning, was Miss Salting. It is arranged that she is to continue to live at Tynningham Park; the young people are to have another place in Scotland.

The latest fashionable resort is Venice, and the attraction is bathing in the Lido. It is not exactly Palm Beach, but the bathers' procedure is somewhat similar, as whole mornings are spent in the Lido and on its shore. Dress is very elaborate, men wearing jazz-like silken pyjamas, and women what seems good in their sight—sometimes pyjamas too. Probably next year there will be an exodus to Canada, following the Prince of Wales's example. It only wants someone to start a Ranch Club open to smart guests, for everyone cannot have Canadian ranches.

The out seasons are all now drawing to a close and London is preparing for its autumn gaieties. The King and Queen will not make a long autumn stay, as they are due at Sandringham, when the King has partridge and pheasant shooting parties, and the Queen has motor drives to visit friends. The autumn season will, one hears, be quite a good one. Theatres, dinners, dances, bridge, luncheons, and all the pleasant social amenities with which motor-cars now make possible hunting or shooting, or both, two or three days a week with some good pack, or at good houses—these make of the autumn and winter by no means the least socially pleasant time of London's year.

The out seasons, as holidays in various smart resorts are called, usually result in a crop of marriage arrangements. This year there are up to now very few announcements of any such, but there are certain rumours as to the ranging themselves of two young and very wealthy Peers.

The Marquess of Londonderry has now joined Lady Londonderry in Sutherlandshire, where deer-stalking is in full swing. The limit of deer to be shot in each forest is soon reached, so days have to be separated by intervals when grouse and ground game are shot, also there is golf and there is fishing. Many sportsmen prefer the end of September and beginning



Black and white faconnet makes the skirt of this effective costume an admirable contrast to the navy cloth coatee; the latter is trimmed with silver braid and fur.

periods. Then Lord Leigh also possesses Adlestrop House, Chipping Norton.

The Earl of Haddington has taken his pretty and charming sister, Lady Helen Baillie-Hamilton, with him to Canada to act as one of the bridesmaids to

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, SEPT. 29, 1923.—382



Black satin veiled with black and silver lace has been happily chosen to express this graceful gown.

not *nouveau* anything, for he is the Earl of Derby, one of our most ancient and powerful noblemen; also, be it said, one of the best, every way he is taken. What Cannes must do is not to put on high prices, but reduce those which annoyed so many British and American visitors there last year.

A. E. L.

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TALKING MACHINE NOTES.

WHAT appears to be the greatest advance for many years in the gramophone world was recently demonstrated by the Columbia Company at the Connaught Rooms. It is known that in the process of making a record everything that the singer

or the instrumentalist gives out is actually recorded on the disc. What we have never had is a reproducer that will faithfully give an impression of all the finer tones and vibrations which we know the record contains. Thanks to the patient research work of Mr. William Forse, of the Columbia Company, we now have this in the shape of the latest "Grafonola," in which a combination of new principles in sound-box construction, with scientifically constructed tone-arm and sound-chamber, produce effects which have never before been approached. The effect on the large audience at the demonstration referred to can only be described as startling. First, a very old record of Mme. Clara Butt was given on an old-style machine. The reproduction was good—as good as one is accustomed to hear from a really high-class gramophone. It was then given on the new Grafonola, and after the first few bars the whole audience was hushed into rapt attention. It was no longer a gramophone reproduction—it was the great singer herself. A 'cello solo by Squire was, if anything, even more remarkable. Every one of the finer tones stood out in its true relation—again it was the master of his instrument playing actually in the room. So impressed was I by the demonstration that I visited the Columbia place in Clerkenwell to find out more about this really wonderful development. There I heard the cheapest

records played on the cheapest type of machine—and was even more impressed than by the bigger demonstration. Unquestionably, this new Columbia marks the greatest development in sound-reproduction we have had for very many years. Further than this, a new material is being used for records which seems to have completely eliminated the objectionable "needle scratch"—a feature which, by itself, will be appreciated by every gramophone user.

THE "BLUES-TROT."

In the first place, a "Blues" is not a Fox-trot, as seems to have been supposed by ninety-nine out of a hundred dancers. It is a dance founded on melodies of a certain type first made popular by negro bands from the Southern States of America. No other word but "Blues" expresses adequately the feeling of this music. We speak of having the "hump," but that is a degree too strong for the "Blues," the chief characteristic of which is a certain wistfulness. To hear a "Blues" song is to feel that the singer, though lamenting his hard lot, is thoroughly enjoying it, nevertheless.

So it is with the "Blues" dance music; but the trouble has been that, although the "Blues" melodies were taken, they were played in fox-trot time, no suitable dance had been evolved, and dancers had been left to shift for themselves. Now, however, Mr. Morry M. Blake, the American dance expert, has come to the rescue. He points out that, whereas Fox-trot time is forty-eight bars to the minute, that for "Blues" is only thirty-five bars. Further, that if a record of "Blues" music were made in Fox-trot time, the lazy, plaintive lilt would be lost. Again, if an attempt were made to correct this by playing the Fox-trot record at the slower speed, the alteration in pitch would dull the whole thing without getting any nearer to the real "Blues" effect.

Mr. Blake has been superintending the making of some real "Blues" records, which I understand are to be issued shortly. He has also invented a dance to fit the music, which he calls the "Blues-Trot," and, he claims, preserves the "Blues" characteristics without introducing any of the objectionable movements which had become associated with it, owing to the lack of properly sequential movements. The "Blues-Trot" has been taken up by professors of dancing, and is now being taught widely.

NEW RECORDS.

The present month sees great activity in recording circles, and the output of really good records is much

on the increase. On the classical side the biggest of the newly recorded works is Beethoven's Seventh Symphony ("Columbia"), played by the London Symphony Orchestra, under Felix Weingartner. A very fine set of records is the result of this collaboration. The Symphony takes nine sides of five twelve-inch double-sided discs, the tenth side being devoted to the "Dance of the Sprites" from Weingartner's own Suite, "The Tempest." Beethoven is also represented on "His Master's Voice" list by the complete "Moonlight" Sonata for Piano, played in a masterly manner by Lamond. The interpretation is of the "profound" order, and the masculine side of the composer is, to my mind, rather stressed. Nevertheless, these two double-sided records (which contain a Liszt Etude as a fill-up) are well worth possessing.

Another important orchestral addition to the modern section is Rimsky-Korsakov's Suite, "Le Coq d'Or," as played by the Symphony Orchestra, and conducted by Albert Coates. ("His Master's Voice.") The vocal "Hymn to the Sun" from this opera is already well known, but the orchestral sections, with their rich tonal colouring, are too seldom performed to be generally familiar. These fine records (three double-sided twelve-inch) will remedy this deficiency.

Chamber music is well to the fore. We have the Andante and Scherzo from Mendelssohn's Trio No. 1 in D minor, played by Arthur Catterall (violin), W. H. Squire ('cello), and William Murdoch (piano), on "Columbia." "Aeolian" issue Grieg's Violin Sonata in C Minor, arranged for viola by Lionel Tertis, and played by him, with Ethel Hobday at the pianoforte.

Lovers of Gilbert and Sullivan will rejoice to hear that another of these operas is now available. "H.M.S. Pinafore" takes eight double-sided records, and from first to last they are sheer delight. They are recorded by "His Master's Voice," and the co-operation of Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte is reflected in the way in which the small touches of "tradition" have been kept.

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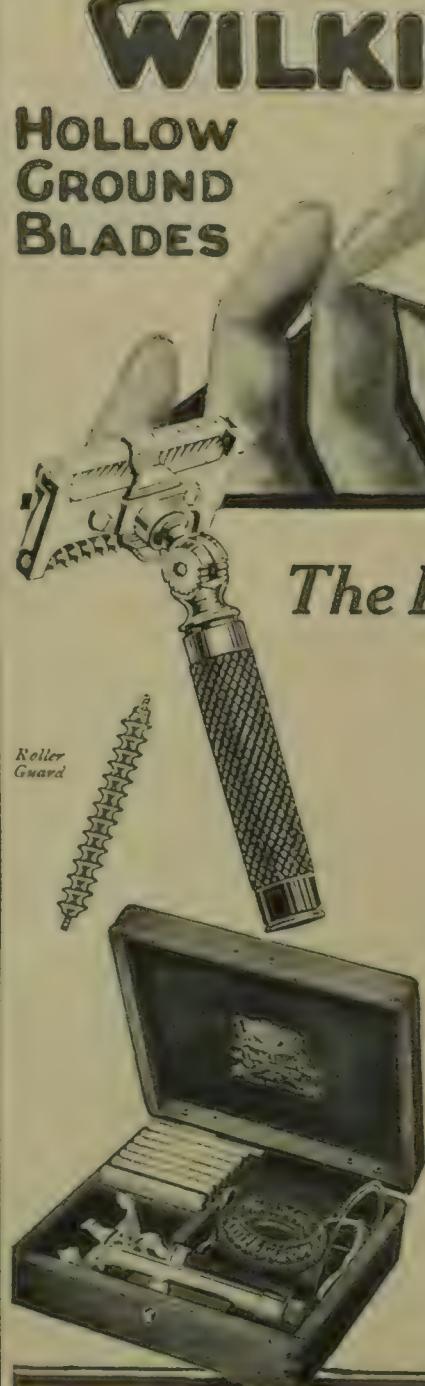
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No. 1.—Coatee of Paisley crêpe-de-Chine, lined throughout and faced with silk to blend with colouring. **5½ Gns.**



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Chemise and Knickers **59/6** each

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

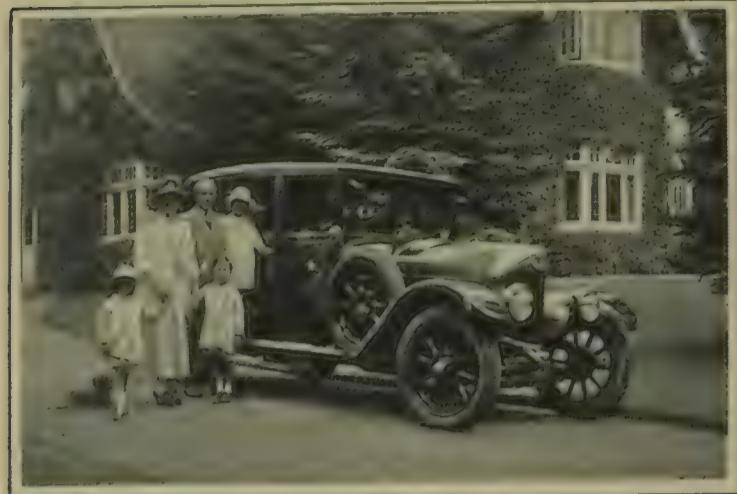
The Show and Prices. The really sensational reduction in car prices announced in various quarters recently has brought me a shoal of inquiries as to whether I think that prices will be still further reduced when the Show comes

given a certain set of conditions. Those conditions I have in mind are, first, a very large increase in individual output; and, second, a fall in the prices of raw materials. As to the second, it looks as though for the present we can rule that out. Prices of material show a distinct tendency to harden, and unless the contrary movement takes place, there is very little probability of price reductions as a consequence of that side of the whole question. As to the first, it is true that a few manufacturers have found the demand for their cars so large that their outputs have been going up by leaps and bounds. In the case of the Morris, to take the most outstanding example of all, the output has reached a point which would have been regarded before the war as a fantastic figure for any British concern to attempt to reach. It is small as compared with that of the big American factories, but it far exceeds anything which the British manufacturer ever expected to achieve. It is because of this enormous increase in demand that it is now possible to buy one of these sterling cars at a price actually lower than in 1914.

The Reflex. The fall in the price of this one car has, quite naturally, led other manufacturers to follow the example and to reduce prices. It would be as unwise as it would be unfair to mention names in this connection; but I have before me the new prices of several makes of cars in the same class, and, from what I know about their quality and the size of their output, I know that it is impossible for their makers to make a profit. They have reduced prices in order to get a higher output, and thus get their money back, as well as to meet

the competition from Oxford. Now, it seems to follow that there is not a hope of any further reduction in these quarters, at any rate, until the new policy has succeeded in the object of an increased output, and thus reduced overhead charges per car. So I would say there is not the smallest object to be served in waiting until after the Show before placing an order. These prices cannot come down, because they are already below the real economic level on present output. They may even be advanced before we know where we are.

In the higher-priced classes the competition is not so severe. In many cases prices have come down, but not as sensational as in the smaller-car classes. Nor are they likely to drop, because in this case output is a fairly constant quality, and the makers depend more upon the output of a relatively few cars of high quality and corresponding cost. Obviously, they have not the margin or the opportunity of making price reduction, and, as the makers find no particular difficulty in selling this limited number, they would be foolish to take risks. W. W.



A BRITISH FLYING PIONEER WITH A FAMOUS BRITISH CAR:
MR. A. V. ROE AND HIS CROSSLEY.

Mr. A. V. Roe, who is so well known as the pioneer of flying in Great Britain, is also a keen motorist. He is here seen with one of the latest type of Crossley cars, with which he has expressed very great satisfaction. The photograph of him and his family was taken at his home overlooking the Solent.

along, and if the would-be purchaser will be well advised to wait until after Olympia before he decides to order a new car. In the latter query I seem to discern a certain amount of perspicacity, because the S.M.M.T. has a very salutary rule that no exhibitor at the Show may reduce his prices, as stated in the exhibition catalogue, during the currency of the Show. There is, of course, nothing to stop him from reducing them the day after the exhibition has closed. Really, I am almost disposed to give up answering questions relating to price matters. I thought almost a year ago that prices had reached their lowest economic level, yet my ideas have been falsified by the course of events. Prices generally have come down well below that supposed limit, and there seems to be no apparent reason why they should not fall still farther,



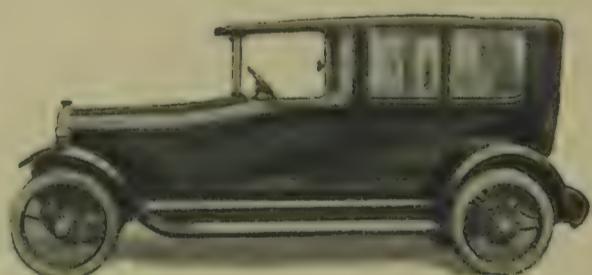
MOTORING IN THE WELSH MOUNTAINS: MR. B. C. CROSSLEY WITH AN OVERLAND BLUE BIRD AT THE TOP OF THE SYCHNANT PASS.

The new Overland Blue Bird is the latest addition to that well-known family of cars. This new model is being produced at the Canadian factory of Willys Overland in Toronto, and is entirely British-built. The above photograph shows the first arrival in this country at the top of the famous Sychnant Pass in North Wales. Standing by the car is Mr. B. C. Crossley (Sales Manager of Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd.), who recently gave the car a gruelling test under all sorts of conditions.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

A. A. HUME (Torquay).—There is some mistake in the transcript of your three-mover. You place the White King at K R sq, and then a Black Bishop at K Kt 7th, which puts the White King in check.

It would be better, if possible, to send your problems on diagrams. SENEX (Darwen).—We regret to learn of your illness, and trust you are better. You have found the first move of No. 3913 correctly, but, like so many others, have overlooked some unaccountable elements in making your second.

A. W. HAMILTON GELL (Exeter).—See note above in reference to 3913. F. J. FALDWELL, COLONEL GODFREY, T. M. ROBERTS and several others are invited to look again at 3913. The charm and merit of the problem lies in its second move.

REV. NOEL BONAVIN HUNT (Hampstead).—Your problem shall appear in due course, but we must give some three-movers a turn first.

T. E. PEARCE (Bournville).—In 3914, have you considered the effect of Black playing 1. Kt to B 2nd?

C. R. B. SUMMER (Exeter).—Thanks for problems, which we have every hope will prove acceptable.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3912 received from E. M. Vicars (Norfolk) and R. B. Pearce (Harrisburg); of No. 3913 from R. B. Pearce, Senex (Darwen), W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), J. M. K. Lupton (Richmond) and Albert Taylor (Sheffield).

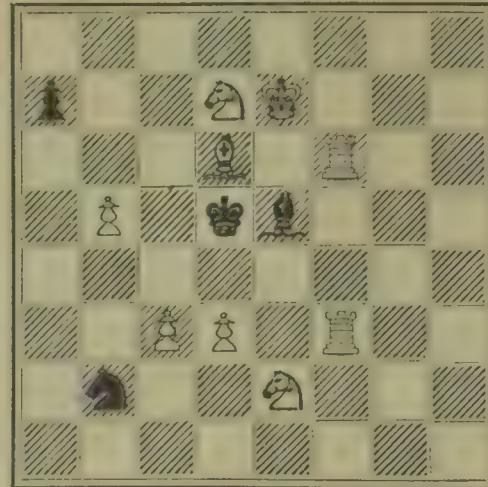
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3914 received from W. Roger Harman, W. H. Satow (Bangor), F. J. Fallwell (Caterham), E. J. Gibbs (East Ham), H. Grasset Baldwin (Farnham), W. Hamilton Gell, J. P. S. (Cricklewood), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), E. G. B. Barlow (Bournemouth), R. B. N., W. C. D. Smith (Northampton), R. B. Pearce, Hugh Nicholson (Otley), Rev. W. Scott (Elgin), L. W. Cafierata (Newark), George Kunzle (Birmingham), J. M. K. Lupton, C. B. S. (Canterbury) and R. P. Nicholson (Crayke).

The City of London Chess Club announces the opening of its seventy-first season, and offers as an attraction to its membership a very comprehensive programme of tournaments adapted to all grades of playing strength. Entries are invited for the following competitions. The Gashorne Cup (Senior Championship) for players of first class, and the Neville Hart Cup (Junior Championship) for players of Class 1 B, both commencing on October 30; the Mocatta Cup for players of second classes, commencing on October 31; the Russell Cup for players

of third classes; and the Barrett Cup for players of the fourth and fifth classes, commencing November 1. Full particulars can be obtained from the secretary of the Club, Wardrobe Court, London E.C.4.

PROBLEM NO. 3915.—BY MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



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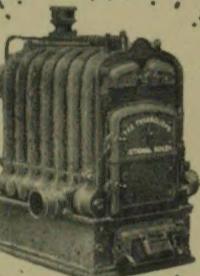
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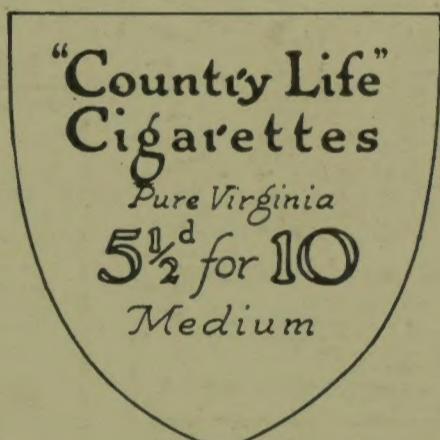
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1. A large Trial Bottle of "Harlene-for-the-Hair."	3. Copy of the Official Manual for Practising "Harlene Hair-Drill."
2. A packet of the Magnificent Scalp-cleansing "Cremex" Beauty Hair-Bath Shampoo.	4. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine for giving extra Lustre and Radiance to the Hair.

Read this page and make **YOUR** Hair a real bounteous and luxuriant "Crowning Glory." (See Coupon.)

IT is said that Dreams do not Come True, but the Dream of Beautiful Rich, Luxuriant and Abundant Hair depicted here can be truly realised!

Every woman, and man too, always admires a beautiful head of hair, which is a real Crowning Glory to its proud possessor.

To-day is presented a Golden Opportunity for everyone to enjoy the benefits of Beautiful "Harlene Hair-Drilled" Hair **FREE**.

So confident are the proprietors of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" specialities that an offer is made to no less than 1,000,000 readers of a complete Four-Fold "Hair-Drill" Parcel **FREE**. Have you got beautiful hair or are you in any way troubled with thin, straggly, impoverished or stunted hair growth, greasy or falling hair or (if you are a man) prone to baldness? If so, send at once for the magnificent "Harlene Hair-Drill" Gift Outfit, which will be sent you absolutely free on receipt of the Coupon printed on this page.

Each Outfit will contain a supply of the following:—

1.—A Bottle of "Harlene," acknowledged and used throughout the world as the most stimulating and beautifying tonic food for the hair. Used daily, and whenever the hair is brushed, as a dressing, it not only feeds the growth of the hair, but "insulates" it against every enemy of the hair, such as greasiness, scurf, dryness, splitting, breaking, and falling out; as it "drills" every hair into a shaft of symmetrical beauty, lustrous with the radiance of health.

2.—A Packet of the "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which has the largest sale in the world because of the extraordinary way in which it frees the hair and the scalp from all scurf, stale and more or less unpleasantly odorous grease, clamminess, dull and lustreless appearance, transforming every hair into a tendril of exquisite daintiness and cleanliness.

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4.—The Book of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Instructions, which reveals the secrets of this 2-minutes-a-day method of (1) cultivating and (2) preserving a glorious head of hair.



SPECIAL NOTICE
TO THE
GREY-HAIRED.

If your Hair is Grey, Faded, or quickly losing its Colour you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound "Astell," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astell" free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" parcel—i.e., 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid 4-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astell" will also be included absolutely free of charge.

Beautiful Hair need no longer be a Dream to You! If your Hair is being slowly and surely strangled by neglect, do not allow this to continue a moment longer, for you will surely rue it if you do. Just remember that hair health or ill-health means all the difference to your appearance, that is why it is your duty to yourself to send for your "Harlene" Four-Fold Gift.

Within a matter of hours only after you have sent for your Free "Hair-Drill" Parcel the Postman will bring it direct to your door, no matter where you reside.

FREE

REGAIN HAIR HEALTH THIS WAY FREE.

If you have any form of hair trouble, from no matter what cause it may arise, do not hesitate to avail yourself of this offer. Ask yourself these questions, and answer them to yourself:—

1. Do I suffer from Scalp Irritation?
2. Am I going bald?
3. Is my hair straggly and thin?
4. Does my hair come out in the comb or brush?
5. Does it fall out at any time?
6. Do my hairs split?
7. Is my hair too greasy or oily?
8. Is it, on the other hand, too dry?
9. Do I suffer from scurf?
10. Is my hair too wiry or unruly?
11. Is it too soft and straight?

These are eleven important questions which everyone should ask themselves. If you cannot answer them to your complete satisfaction, your hair is out of order. It only requires a short course of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

"HARLENE" FOR MEN ALSO.

Every man desires to preserve a fresh, smart, crisp appearance, and in this respect the care of the hair is essential. The Free Gift offer made in this announcement is open to every man, and they will find this two-minutes-a-day "Harlene Hair-Drill" a delightfully pleasant and beneficial toilet exercise.

IF YOU VALUE YOUR HAIR WRITE NOW.

Every day that you neglect your hair the more is its poverty increased, but no matter how difficult your case

may be, no matter what disappointments you may have had, "Harlene Hair-Drill" will never fail you. Vouched for by Royalty itself as well, as by a host of the world's most beautiful actresses and Society men and women, this scientific method of hair culture awaits your test and trial.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each), and "Astol" for Grey Hair at 3s. and 5s. per bottle from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

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Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is GREY enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE BOTTLE of "Astol" for Grey Hair will also be sent you.